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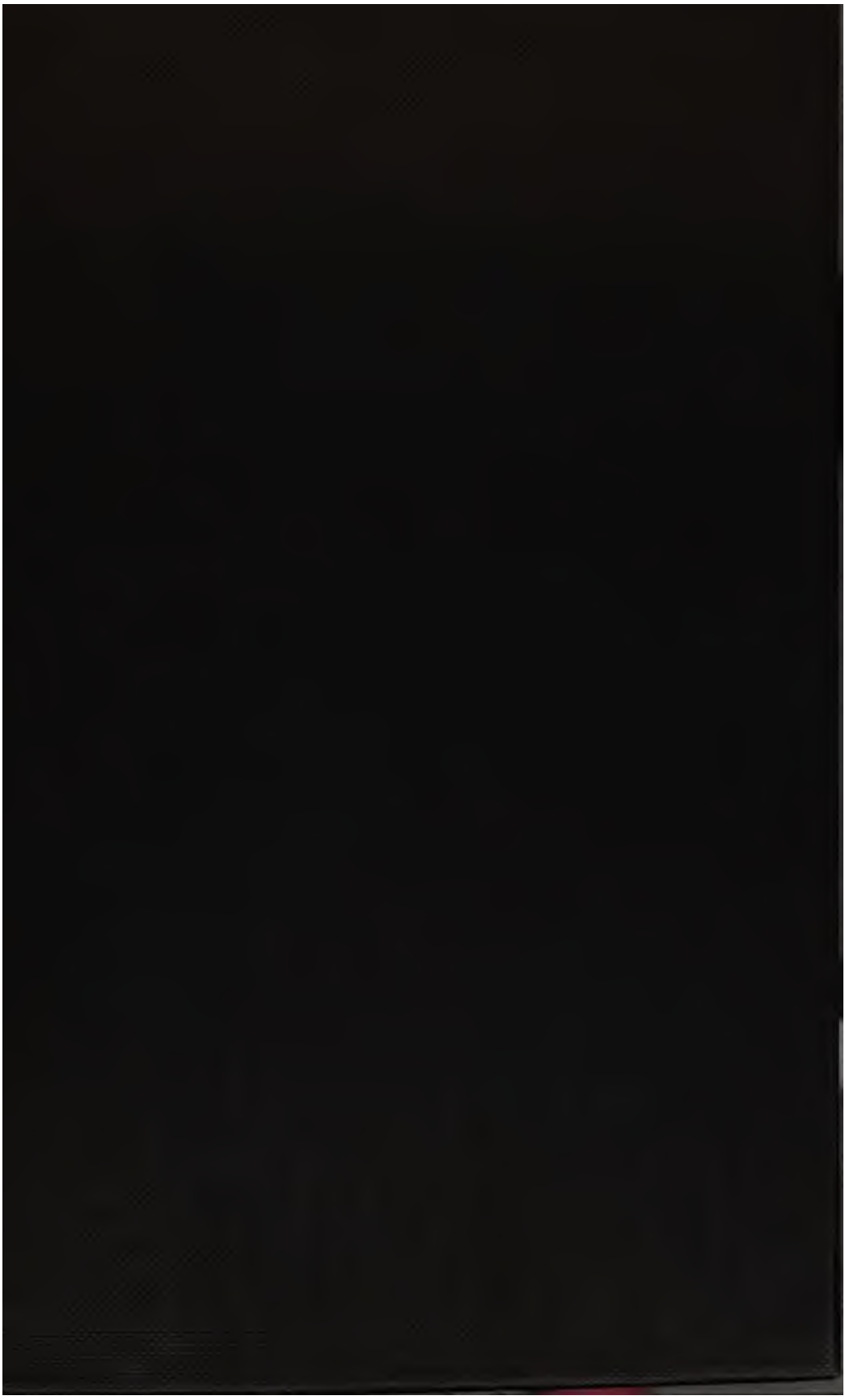

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J. Chapman sc.

WALLENSTEIN

London. Published April 1800. by Mess.rs Longman and Rees, Paternoster Row.

THE

PICCOLOMINI,

OR THE

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN,

A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1800.

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PREFACE

OF

THE TRANSLATOR.

IT was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenſtein to this tranſlation; but I found that it muſt either have occupied a ſpace wholly diſproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itſelf. The recent tranſlation, likewiſe, of Schiller's HISTORY of the THIRTY YEARS' WAR diminiſhed the motives thereto. In the tranſlation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by abſolute differences of idiom; but I am conſcious, that in two or three ſhort paſſages

I have been guilty of dilating the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myſelf of no other liberties than thoſe which Schiller had permitted to himſelf, except the occaſional breaking-up of the line by the ſubſtitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, ſo frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no inſtance in theſe dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generaliſſimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years War.*
OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant General.*
MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuiraſſiers.*
COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of ſeveral Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenſtein.*
ILLO, *Field Marſhal, Wallenſtein's Confidant.*
ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*
BUTLER, *an Iriſhman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*
TIEFENBACH,
DON MARADAS,
GOETZ,
KOLATTO,
} *Generals under Wallenſtein.*
NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertſky.*
The War Commiſſioner VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*
GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swediſh Envoy.*
BAPTISTA SENI, *Aſtrologer.*

DUCHESS *of* FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenſtein.*
THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princeſs of Friedland.*
The COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Siſter of the Ducheſs.*

A CORNET.
Several COLONELS *and* GENERALS.
PAGES *and* ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenſtein.*
ATTENDANTS *and* HOBÖISTS *belonging to Tertſky.*
The MASTER OF THE CELLAR *to Count Tertſky.*
VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*

THE

PICCOLOMINI, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council Houſe at Pilſen, decorated with Colours and other War Inſignia.

ILLO WITH BUTLER AND ISOLANI.

ILLO.

YE have come late—but ye *are* come! The diſtance,
Count Iſolan, excuſes your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.
At *Donauwert it was reported to us,
A Swediſh caravan was on it's way
Tranſporting a rich cargo of proviſion,
Almoſt ſix hundred waggons. This my Croats

* A town about 12 German miles N. E. of Ulm.

Plung'd down upon and ſeiz'd, this weighty prize!——
We bring it hither——

ILLO.

Juſt in time to banquet
The illuſtrious company aſſembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a ſtirring ſcene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!
The very churches are all full of ſoldiers.
(Caſts his eye round)
And in the Council-houſe too, I obſerve,
You're ſettled, quite at home! Well, well! we ſoldiers
Muſt ſhift and ſuit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertſky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnerſam,
The Piccolomini, both ſon and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting ſtill, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas.

ILLO. (*heſitating*)

How ſo? Do *you* know——

ISOLANI. (*interrupting him*)

Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.
I ſee him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,

We

We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Deſſau)
I ſee the youth, in my mind's eye I ſee him,
Leap his black war-horſe from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up againſt the ſtrong tide of the Elbe.
The down was ſcarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promiſe of his youth,
And the full hero now is finiſh'd in him.

ILLO.

You'll ſee him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Ducheſs Friedland hither, and the *Princeſs
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in viſitants from all ſides.

ISOLANI.

Hm!
So much the better! I had fram'd my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumſtance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that ſomething too
Of gentler ſort, and lovely, ſhould be preſent
To feaſt our eyes.

ILLO. (*who has been ſtanding in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one ſide.*)

And how came you to know,
That the Count Galas joins us not?

* The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their ſons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princeſſes.

BUTLER.

Becauſe
He importun'd *me* to remain behind.

ILLO. (*with warmth*).

And you?—You hold out firmly?
(*Graſping his hand with affection.*)
Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the Duke
Had lay'd ſo newly on me——

ILLO.

I had forgotten
A pleaſant duty—MAJOR GENERAL,
I wiſh you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that, to make the gift ſtill ſweeter,
The Duke has given him the very ſame
In which he firſt ſaw ſervice, and ſince then,
Work'd himſelf, ſtep by ſtep, thro' each preferment
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a ſpur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deſerving ſoldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirm'd th' appointment.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in
that poſt
Plac'd you, is ſtrong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Miniſters!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but ſo conſider it!—
If we would *all* of us conſider it ſo!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI. (*to Illo*)

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will ſatisfy my creditors?
Will be himſelf my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!——
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has reſcued me
From abſolute ruin, and reſtor'd my honour.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wiſhes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his
ſoldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—there's the grievance!—
What politic ſchemes do they not lay to ſhorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then theſe new dainty requiſitions! theſe,
Which this ſame Queſtenberg brings hither!——

BUTLER.

Ay!
Theſe requiſitions of the Emperor,——

I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a ſingle inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right moſt ſurely, unleſs firſt
—From office!

BUTLER. *(ſhocked and confuſed)*

Know you *aught* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI. (*at the ſame time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice.*)

We ſhould be ruin'd, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!
Yonder I ſee *our worthy friend** approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER. *(ſhaking his head ſignificantly.)*

I fear we ſhall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *and* QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO. *(ſtill in the diſtance)*

Ay, ay! more ſtill! Still more new viſitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once ſo many heads of heroes.
(*Approaching nearer.*)
Welcome, Count Iſolani!

* Spoken with a ſneer.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,
Even now am I arriv'd; it had been elſe my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—truſt me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whoſe worth and ſervices I know and honor.
See, ſee, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The ſum of war's whole trade and myſtery—
(*To Queſtenberg, preſenting Butler and Iſolani at the ſame time to him.*)
Theſe two the total ſum—STRENGTH and DISPATCH.

QUESTENBERG (*to Octavio*).

And lo! betwixt them both experienc'd PRUDENCE!

OCTAVIO (*preſenting Queſtenberg to Butler and Iſolani*).

The Chamberlain and War-commiſſioner Queſtenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's beheſts,
The long-tried friend and patron of all ſoldiers,
We honor in this noble viſitor.
(*Univerſal ſilence.*)

ILLO. (*moving towards Queſtenberg.*)

'Tis not the firſt time, noble Miniſter,
You have ſhewn our camp this honor.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before
I ſtood before theſe colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was:
It was at Znäim * in Moravia, where
You did preſent yourſelf upon the part
Of th' Emperor, to ſupplicate our Duke
That he would ſtraight aſſume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *ſupplicate?* Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commiſſion
(At leaſt to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well then—to *compel* him, if you chuſe.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had ſuffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from preſſing
Onwards into the very heart of Auſtria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd
Before our General, ſtorming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's diſpleaſure,
Unleſs he took compaſſion on this wretchedneſs.

ISOLANI. (*Steps up to them.*)

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehenſible enough,
Wherefore with your commiſſion of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Iſolan?
No contradiction ſure exiſts between them.

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

It

It was the urgent buſineſs of that time
To ſnatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commiſſion of to-day inſtructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wreſted this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be ſwept *out* of it is all our thanks,
The ſole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unleſs that wretched land be doom'd to ſuffer
Only a change of evils, it muſt be
Freed from the ſcourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What? 'Twas a favorable year; the Boors
Can anſwer freſh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,
If *you* diſcourſe of herds and meadow-grounds—

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruin'd
The Emperor gains ſo many more new ſoldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even ſo many ſubjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! We are all his ſubjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable induſtry the purſe,
The others are well ſkill'd to empty it.

The

The ſword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Muſt reinvigorate his reſources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!
Times are not yet ſo bad. Methinks I ſee
(*examining with his eye the dreſs and ornaments of Queſtenberg*)
Good ſtore of gold that ſtill remains uncoin'd.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Thoſe minions of court favor, thoſe court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their houſe and home—who reap no harveſts
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, inſult and mock
The deſolation of their country—*theſe*,
Let *theſe*, and ſuch as theſe, ſupport the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And thoſe ſtate-paraſites, who have their feet
So conſtantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forſooth,
Would

Would *pare* the ſoldier's bread, and croſs his
reckoning!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court ſeven years ago,
To ſee about new horſes for our regiments,
How from one antichamber to another
They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a croud of ſimpering,
Feaſt-fatten'd ſlaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant ſuitor for the crumbs of favor
That fall beneath their tables. And, at laſt,
Whom ſhould they ſend me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muſter up my ſins
For abſolution—but no ſuch luck for *me!*
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning th' army horſes.
And I was forc'd at laſt to quit the field,
The buſineſs unaccompliſh'd. Afterwards
The Duke procur'd me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills ſoon found their
way to us:
Too well I know we have ſtill accounts to ſettle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finiſh one's work by ſoft means; every trifle
Muſt not be blacken'd into ſacrilege.
If we ſhould wait till you, in ſolemn council,
With due deliberation had ſelected

The

The ſmalleſt out of four-and-twenty evils,
I'faith we ſhould wait long.—
"Daſh! and through with it!"—That's the
better watch-word.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's
nature
To make the beſt of a bad thing once paſt.
A bitter and perplexed "What ſhall I do?"
Is worſe to man than worſt neceſſity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtleſs, it is true; the Duke *does* ſpare us
The troubleſome taſk of chuſing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we ſee.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks ſhare alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thruſts he us into the deſarts
As beaſts of prey, that ſo he may preſerve
His dear ſheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (*with a ſneer*).

Count, this compariſon you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the Court ſuppoſes us,
'Twere dangerous, ſure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.

And

And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO (*interpoſing and addreſſing Queſtenberg*).

My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The ſoldier's boldneſs conſtitutes his freedom.
Could he *act* daringly, unleſs he dar'd
Talk even ſo? One runs into the other.
The boldneſs of this worthy officer,
(*pointing to Butler*)
Which now has but miſtaken in its mark,
Preſerv'd, when nought but boldneſs could preſerve it,
To the Emperor his capital city Prague,
In a moſt formidable mutiny
Of the whole garriſon.
(*Military muſic at a diſtance.*)
Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The ſentries are ſaluting them: this ſignal
Announces the arrival of the Ducheſs.

OCTAVIO (*to Queſtenberg*).

Then my ſon Max. too has return'd. 'Twas he
Fetch'd and attended them from Carnthen hither.

ISOLANI (*to Illo*).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.
You'll

(*To Octavio.*)

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

Exeunt all but Queſtenberg and Octavio.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG *and* OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (*with ſigns of averſion and aſtoniſhment*).

What have I not been forc'd to hear, Octavio!
What ſentiments! what fierce, uncurb'd defiance!
And were this ſpirit univerſal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm!
You are now acquainted with three fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where muſt we ſeek then for a ſecond hoſt
To have the cuſtody of this? That Illo
Thinks worſe, I fear me, than he ſpeaks. And then
This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
The paſſionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickneſs of temper—irritated pride;
'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a ſpell that will ſoon diſpoſſeſs
The evil ſpirit in *him*.

QUESTENBERG (*walking up and down in evident diſquiet*).

Friend, friend!
O! this is worſe, far worſe, than we had ſuffer'd
Ourſelves to dream of at Vienna. There
We ſaw it only with the courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the ſplendor of the throne.
We had not ſeen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes proſtrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you ſee yourſelf
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The leaſt ſuſpicion of the General
Coſts me my freedom and my life, and would
But haſten his moſt deſperate enterpriſe.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reaſon ſleeping when we truſted
This madman with the ſword, and plac'd ſuch power
In ſuch a hand? I tell you, he'll refuſe,
Flatly refuſe, t'obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.
And then th' impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakneſs!

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpoſe hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
Theſe, the laſt pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearneſs
Of ſome eruption!

QUESTENBERG.

How ſhall we hold footing
Beneath this tempeſt, which collects itſelf
And threats us from all quarters? Th' enemy
Of th' empire on our borders, now already
The maſter of the Danube, and ſtill farther,
And farther ſtill, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of inſurrection—peaſantry in arms——
All orders diſcontented—and the army,
Juſt in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduc'd, run wild, loſt to all diſcipline,
Looſen'd, and rent aſunder from the ſtate
And from their ſov'reign, the blind inſtrument
Of the moſt daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend! let us not deſpair too ſoon.
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a reſolute, who now appears

Made

Made up to all extremes, will, on a ſudden,
Find in his breaſt a heart he wot not of,
Let but a ſingle honeſt man ſpeak out
The true name of his crime! Remember too,
We ſtand not yet ſo wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintain'd
Their little army faithful to it's duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by ſurprize: you know,
I hold him all encompaſs'd by my liſt'ners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No ſtep ſo ſmall, but inſtantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth diſcloſes it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite
Incomprehenſible, that he detects not
The foe ſo near!

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaiſant
Hypocriſy, have ſkulk'd into his graces;
Or with the ſuſtenance of ſmooth profeſſions
Nouriſh his all-confiding friendſhip! No—
Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our ſovereign,
To hide my *genuine* feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I dup'd him with baſe counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.

It is the viſible ordinance of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that ſo attracts
And links him both to me and to my ſon.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds perform'd in company,
And all thoſe many and various incidents
Which ſtore a ſoldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart *roſe* on me, and his confidence
Shot out in ſudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urg'd by an ugly dream, I ſought him out,
To preſs him to accept another charger.
At diſtance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a ſleep. When I had wak'd him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he ſtar'd upon me, like a man
Aſtounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifeſted to me an emotion
That far outſtripp'd the worth of that ſmall ſervice.
Since then his confidence has follow'd me
With the ſame pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your ſon into the ſecret?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG.

What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has plac'd him in?

OCTAVIO.

I muſt perforce
Leave him in wardſhip to his innocence.
His young and open ſoul—diſſimulation
Is foreign to it's habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarraſs'd ſenſe and light free ſpirit,
That make the Duke ſecure.

QUESTENBERG. *(anxiouſly)*
My honour'd friend! moſt highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
Reflect a little——

OCTAVIO.

I muſt venture it.
Huſh!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himſelf. Welcome, my father!
(He embraces his father. As he turns round, he obſerves Queſtenberg, and draws back with a cold and reſerved air.)
You are engag'd; I ſee. I'll not diſturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor
Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Rev'rence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.

MAX. *(drily)*

Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters.

QUESTENBERG. *(seizing his hand)*

Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seiz'd it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
(taking the hands of both)
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO. *(to Max.)*

He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.

MAX.

What now have they contriv'd to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself

What

What he himſelf alone doth underſtand?
Well, therein he does right, and will perſiſt in't.
Heaven never meant him for that paſſive thing
That can be ſtruck and hammer'd out to ſuit
Another's taſte and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every miniſter.
It goes againſt his nature—he can't do it.
He is poſſeſs'd by a commanding ſpirit,
And his too is the ſtation of command.
And well for us it is ſo! There exiſt
Few fit to rule themſelves, but few that uſe
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himſelf what nature deſtin'd him,
The pauſe, the central point of thouſand thouſands——
Stands fix'd and ſtately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may preſs with joy and confidence.
Now ſuch a man is Wallenſtein; and if
Another better ſuits the court—no other
But ſuch a one as he can ſerve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtleſs!

OCTAVIO. (*to Queſtenberg*)

Huſh! Suppreſs it friend!
Unleſs *ſome* end were anſwer'd by the utterance,—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*)

In their diſtreſs
They call a ſpirit up, and when he comes,

Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, tho' it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forwards goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,

Honour-

Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus ſecure, tho' late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My ſon, the nurſling of the camp ſpoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy ſchool.
Peace haſt thou never witneſs'd! There exiſts
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itſelf war is no ultimate purpoſe.
The vaſt and ſudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
Theſe are not they, my ſon, that generate
The Calm, the Bliſsful, and th' enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the ſoldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvaſs, and at once
The whole ſcene moves and buſtles momently,
With arms, and neighing ſteeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills; the roads, the ſtreams
Are crowded with new freights, trade ſtirs and hurries!
But on ſome morrow morn, all ſuddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and ſolitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden ſeed-plot lie,
And the year's harveſt is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father!

Moſt gladly would I give the blood-ſtain'd laurel
For the firſt violet * of the leafleſs ſpring,
Pluck'd in thoſe quiet fields where I have journey'd!

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What ſo moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that ſight,
It glimmers ſtill before me, like ſome landſcape
Left in the diſtance,—ſome delicious landſcape!
My road conducted me thro' countries where
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father——
My venerable father, Life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienc'd. We have been
But voyaging along it's barren coaſts,
Like ſome poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ſhip,
Houſe on the wild ſea with wild uſages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where ſafelieſt they may venture a thieves' landing,
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquiſite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

* In the original,
Den blutgen Lorbeer, geb ich hin, mit Freuden
Fiirs erſte veilchen, das der merz uns bringt,
Das duftige Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. (*attentive, with an appearance of uneaſineſs*)

——And ſo your journey has reveal'd this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the firſt leiſure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpoſe of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me an heart unſoul'd and ſolitary,
A ſpirit uninform'd, unornamented.
For the camp's ſtir and crowd and ceaſeleſs larum,
The neighing war-horſe, the air-ſhatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, ſtill-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exerciſe of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To ſatisfy the heart, the gaſping heart!
Mere buſtling nothingneſs, where the ſoul is not—
This cannot be the ſole felicity,
Theſe cannot be man's beſt and only pleaſures!

OCTAVIO.

Much has thou learnt, my ſon, in this ſhort journey,

MAX.

O! day thrice lovely! when at length the ſoldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marſhals, and now the buz is huſh'd, and hark!
Now the ſoft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded

With

With green boughs, the laſt plund'ring of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themſelves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that ſend onwards
Kiſſes and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate geſtures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous veſpers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).
O! that you ſhould ſpeak
Of ſuch a diſtant, diſtant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him quick and vehement.*)
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Queſtenberg.
Juſt now, as firſt I ſaw you ſtanding here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and preſt my inmoſt ſoul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that muſt force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What elſe ſtill worſe, becauſe he ſpares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if

War

War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues
fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myſelf;
My blood ſhall ſpurt out for this Wallenſtein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and ſtands it ſo?
(*then in preſſing and impatient tones.*)
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this deluſion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the ſpot?

OCTAVIO (*recovering himſelf out of a deep ſtudy*).

He has now open'd mine,
And I ſee more than pleaſes me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curſe on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why ſo? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I muſt follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are open'd now, and I muſt uſe them. Come!
(*draws Queſtenberg on with him.*)

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herſelf.

QUESTENBERG.

To——

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him, and correcting himſelf.*)

To the Duke. Come, let us go.—'Tis done,
'tis done!
I ſee the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourſelf.

OCTAVIO.

And that I ſhould not
Foreſee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right,
I ſhould have warn'd him! Now it is too late,

QUESTENBERG.

But *what*'s too late? Bethink yourſelf, my friend,
That you are talking abſolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more collected*).

Come!— to the Duke's. 'Tis cloſe upon the
hour
Which

Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curſe, a threefold curſe, upon this journey!

(*He leads Queſtenberg off.*)

SCENE VI.

Changes to a ſpacious chamber in the houſe of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, *like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed ſomewhat fantaſtically. He carries a white ſtaff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the ſentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no inſtructions—

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you muſt aſk the mathematician there. He ſays it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! ſtuff and nonſenſe! That's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place ſignify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My ſon, there's *nothing* inſignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
Firſt and moſt principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the Second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himſelf muſt let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*).

Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve ſigns hath the zodiac: five and ſeven,
The holy numbers, include themſelves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object againſt eleven? I ſhould like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is—tranſgreſſion; eleven overſteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good! and why do you call five an holy number?

SENI.

Five is the ſoul of man: for even as man

Is

Is mingled up of good and evil, ſo
The five is the firſt number that's made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The fooliſh old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.

Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be ſeen at firſt ſight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off! They come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! Out at the ſide-door.

(*They hurry off. Seni follows ſlowly. A page brings the ſtaff of command on a red cuſhion, and places it on the table near the Duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*)

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were preſented
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the Empreſs too.
And by both Majeſties were we admitted
To kiſs the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it receiv'd,
That I had ſent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commiſſion'd me to do. I told them,
You had determin'd on our daughter's marriage,
And wiſh'd, ere yet you went into the field,
To ſhew th' elected huſband his betroth'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they gueſs the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hop'd and wiſh'd it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do *you* wiſh, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pauſe*).

Well then!
And in all elſe, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?
(*The Ducheſs caſts her eyes on the ground, and remains ſilent.*)
Hide nothing from me. How were you receiv'd?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has ſtolen into the bud.

WALLEN-

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it ſo?
What, they were lax? they fail'd of th' old reſpect?

DUCHESS.

Not of reſpect. No honors were omitted,
No outward courteſy; but in the place
Of condeſcending, confidential kindneſs,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only theſe honors and that ſolemn courteſy.
Ah! and the tenderneſs which was put on,
It was the guiſe of pity, not of favor.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, ſhould not *ſo*—
Not wholly ſo ſhould ſhe have been receiv'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My lateſt conduct,
They rail'd at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had!
I have been long accuſtom'd to defend you,
To heal and pacify diſtemper'd ſpirits.
No; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
O Heaven! in ſuch oppreſſive, ſolemn ſilence!—
Here is no every-day miſunderſtanding,
No tranſient pique, no cloud that paſſes over;
Something moſt luckleſs, moſt unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Us'd formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.

Now ſhe omitted it?

DUCHESS (*wiping away her tears, after a pauſe.*)

She *did* embrace me,
But then firſt when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had clos'd upon me, then did ſhe come out
In haſte, as ſhe had ſuddenly bethought herſelf,
And preſs'd me to her boſom, more with anguiſh
Than tenderneſs.

WALLENSTEIN (*ſeizes her hand ſoothingly.*)

Nay now, collect yourſelf.
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenſtein,
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS (*ſhaking her head.*)

I ſaw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

Th' Ambaſſador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead ſo warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.

Silent, ſilent!

WALLENSTEIN.

Theſe ſuns then are eclipſed for us. Henceforward
Muſt we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which mov'd about the Court in buz and whiſper,
But in the country let itſelf be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In ſundry hints and——

WALLEN-

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).

Lamormain! what ſaid *he?*

DUCHESS.

That you're accuſed of having daringly
O'erſtepp'd the powers entruſted to you, charg'd
With traiterous contempt of th' Emperor
And his ſupreme beheſts. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards ſtand up your accuſers.—
That there's a ſtorm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regenſburg.
And people talk, ſaid he, of——Ah!—
(*ſifling extreme emotion.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk——

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a ſecond——(*catches her voice and heſitates.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Second——

DUCHESS.

More diſgraceful
——Diſmiſſion.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?
(*Strides acroſs the chamber in vehement agitation*)
O! they force, they thruſt me
With violence, againſt my own will, onward!

DUCHESS. (*preſſes near to him, in entreaty.*)
O! if there yet be time, my huſband! If
By giving way and by ſubmiſſion, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your ſovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhor'd venomous gloſſes. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermoſt ſhame
Theſe ſlanderous liars! Few firm friends have we.
You know it!—The ſwift growth of our good fortune
It hath but ſet us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the ſovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Counteſs TERTSKY, *leading in her hand the Princeſs* THEKLA, *richly adorned with brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, ſiſter? What already upon buſineſs,
(*obſerving the countenance of the Ducheſs*)
And buſineſs of no pleaſing kind I ſee,
Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The firſt
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

(*Thekla approaches with a ſhy and timid air, and bends herſelf as about to kiſs his hand. he receives her in his arms, and remains ſtanding for ſome time loſt in the feeling of her preſence.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes; pure and lovely hath hope riſen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raiſe up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the cloſe of the campaign,
When you return'd home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein ſhe has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftieſt earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful ſilent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath ſhe beſtowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her ſplendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS. (*to Thekla*)

Thou wouldeſt not have recogniz'd thy father,
Would'ſt thou, my child? She counted ſcarce
eight years,
When laſt ſhe ſaw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!
At the firſt glance!—My father is not alter'd.
The form, that ſtands before me, falſifies
No feature of the image that hath liv'd
So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!
(*then after a pauſe*)
I was indignant at my deſtiny
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my proſperous fortune,
And re-illume my ſoon extinguiſh'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wrong'd my deſtiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I

Let

Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it loſt, if only I can wreath it
Tranſmitted to a regal ornament,
Around theſe beauteous brows.
(*He claſps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *and ſometime after* *Count* TERTSKY, *the others remaining as before.*

COUNTESS.

There comes the Palladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning ſtar of my beſt joys!

MAX.

My General——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the inſtrument. This day thou haſt bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's ſelf muſt pay.

MAX.

My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with ſhame. Yea, not without a pang!
For ſcarce have I arriv'd here, ſcarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,

But there is brought to me from your equerry
A ſplendid richly-plated hunting dreſs
So to remunerate me for my trouble——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It muſt be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not ſo intended, that my buſineſs
Should be my higheſt beſt good fortune!

(*Tertſky enters, and delivers letters to the Duke, which he breaks open hurryingly.*)

COUNTESS. (*to Max.*)

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompenſe. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beſeems
To ſhew himſelf for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too muſt have ſcruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had ſpoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

(*He graſps the hand of the Ducheſs with ſtill increaſing warmth.*)

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I ſeem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I ſhall live, ſo long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it ſhall bloom
My

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My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in ſome magic ring
In this name hath my deſtiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS.

(*Who during this time has been anxiouſly watching the Duke, and remarks that he is loſt in thought over the letters.*)

My brother wiſhes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN.

(*Turns himſelf round quick, collects himſelf, and ſpeaks with chearfulneſs to the Ducheſs.*)

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hoſteſs of this court. You, Max.
Will now again adminiſter your old office,
While we perform the ſovereign's buſineſs here.

(*Max. Piccolomini offers the Ducheſs his arm, the Counteſs accompanies the Princeſs.*)

TERTSKY. (*calling after him.*)

Max. we depend on ſeeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in deep thought to himſelf.*)

She hath ſeen all things as they are—It is ſo,
And ſquares completely with my other notices.
They have determin'd finally in Vienna,
Have given me my ſucceſſor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,

The

The Emperor's delicate ſon! he's now their ſaviour,
He's the new ſtar that's riſing now! Of us
They think themſelves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceas'd, the heir already
Is entering on poſſeſſion.—Therefore—diſpatch!
(*As he turns round he obſerves Tertſky, and gives him a letter.*)
Count Altringer will have himſelf excus'd,
And Galas too—I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if
Thou loitereſt longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer
Is maſter of the Tyrole paſſes. I muſt forthwith
Send ſome one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milaneſe.
——Well, and the old Seſin, that ancient trader
In contraband negociations, he
Has ſhewn himſelf again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swediſh chancellor
At Halberſtadt, where the convention's held,
Who ſays, you've tir'd him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why ſo?

TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

He ſays, you are never in earneſt in your ſpeeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourſelf with Saxony againſt them,
And at laſt make yourſelf a riddance of them
With a paltry ſum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtleſs,
Yes, doubtleſs, this ſame modeſt Swede expects
That I ſhall yield him ſome fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourſelves at laſt
On our own ſoil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and maſters!
An excellent ſcheme!—No, no! They muſt be off,
Off, off! away!—*we* want no ſuch neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that ſpeck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou underſtand'ſt not this.
Never ſhall it be ſaid of me, I parcell'd
My native land away, diſmember'd Germany,
Betray'd it to a foreigner, in order
To come with ſtealthy tread, and filch away
My own ſhare of the plunder.—Never! never!—
No foreign power ſhall ſtrike root in the empire,
And leaſt of all, theſe Goths! theſe hunger-wolves!
Who ſend ſuch envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich bleſſings of our German lands!

I'll

I'll have their aid to caſt and draw my nets,
But not a ſingle fiſh of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They loſe patience
While you ſhift ground and make ſo many curves.
Say, to what purpoſe all theſe maſks? Your friends
Are plung'd in doubts, baffled, and led aſtray in you.
There's Oxenſtein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he ſhould think of your procraſtinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Paſſes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

I *never* give my hand-writing; thou know'ſt it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be *known* that you're in earneſt,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You muſt yourſelf acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourſes hitherto with th' enemy
You might have done with ſafety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For th' Emperor's ſervice.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after a pauſe, during which he looks narrowly on Tertſky.*)

And from whence doſt *thou* know
That I'm *not* gulling him for th' Emperor's ſervice?
Whence

Whence knoweſt thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Doſt thou know *me* ſo well? When made I thee
Th' intendant of my ſecret purpoſes?
I am not conſcious that I ever open'd
My inmoſt thoughts to thee. Th' Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiſs; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with uſurious intereſt
For th' evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power;* but whether I ſhall uſe it,
Of that, I ſhould have thought that thou could'ſt ſpeak
No wiſelier than thy fellows.

TERTSKY.

So haſt thou always play'd thy game with us.

Enter ILLO.

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How ſtand affairs without? Are they prepar'd?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wiſh.
They know about the Emperor's requiſitions,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Iſolan
Declar'd himſelf?

ILLO.

ILLO.

He's your's, both ſoul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Haſt thou
Made ſure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean then I may venture ſomewhat with them?

ILLO.

—If you are aſſured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more aſſur'd of mine own ſelf.

TERTSKY.

And yet
I would you truſted not ſo much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teacheſt me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Beſides, I have his horoſcope,
We both are born beneath like ſtars—in ſhort
(*with an air of myſtery*)
To this belongs its own particular aſpect.
If therefore thou canſt warrant me the reſt——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,
You

You *muſt* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to ſend a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myſelf to them,
They too muſt bind themſelves to me.

ILLO.

Of courſe.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honor they muſt give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promiſing
Devotion to my ſervice *unconditional.*

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional?*
The exception of their duties towards Auſtria
They'll always place among the premiſes.
With this reſerve——

WALLENSTEIN (*ſhaking his head.*)

All *unconditional!*
No premiſes, no reſerves.

ILLO.

A thought has ſtruck me.
Does not Count Tertſky give us a ſet banquet
This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

ILLO

ILLO *(to Wallenſtein.)*

Say, will you here fully
Commiſſion me to uſe my own diſcretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honor,
Even as you wiſh.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their ſignatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are preſent here
Give themſelves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then—then* will you ſhew yourſelf
In earneſt, and with ſome deciſive action
Make trial of your luck?

WALLENSTEIN.

The ſignatures!
Gain me the ſignatures.

ILLO.

Seize, ſeize the hour
Ere it ſlips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed ſublime and weighty.
To make a great deciſion poſſible,
O! many things, all tranſient and all rapid,
Muſt meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforc'd to pauſe
Time long enough for wiſdom, though too ſhort,
Far, far too ſhort a time for doubt and ſcruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our beſt, our nobleſt, are aſſembled round you,

Their

Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The ſingle threads, which here your proſperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Inſtinct with deſtiny, O let them not
Unravel of themſelves. If you permit
Theſe chiefs to ſeparate, ſo unanimous
Bring you them not a ſecond time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the ſtranded ſhip,
And every individual's ſpirit waxes
In the great ſtream of multitude. Behold,
They are ſtill here, here ſtill! But ſoon the war
Burſts them once more aſunder, and in ſmall
Particular anxieties and intereſts
Scatters their ſpirit, and the ſympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himſelf, forc'd onward with the ſtream,
Will become ſober, ſeeing but himſelf,
Feel only his own weakneſs, and with ſpeed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And ſeek but to make ſhelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you ſay always.
But *when* will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I ſhall ſay it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the ſtars, and on their hours,

Till the earthly hour eſcapes you. O, believe me,
In your own boſom are your deſtiny's ſtars.
Confidence in yourſelf, prompt reſolution,
This is your VENUS! and the ſole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you, is DOUBT.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou ſpeakeſt as thou underſtand'ſt. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That luſtrous god, was ſetting at thy birth.
Thy viſual power ſubdues no myſteries;
Mole-ey'd, thou may'ſt but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that ſubterreſtrial, who with wan,
Lead-colour'd ſhine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terreſtrial, thou may'ſt ſee,
With ſerviceable cunning knit together
The neareſt with the neareſt; and therein
I truſt thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of myſterious import Nature weaves,
And faſhions in the depths—the ſpirit's ladder,
That from this groſs and viſible world of duſt
Even to the ſtarry world, with thouſand rounds,
Builds itſelf up; on which the unſeen powers
Move up and down on heavenly miniſteries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central ſun with ever-narrowing orbit——
Theſe ſees the glance alone, the unſeal'd eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in luſtre.
(He walks acroſs the chamber, then returns, and, ſtanding ſtill, proceeds.)
The heavenly conſtellations make not merely
The day and night, ſummer and ſpring, not merely
Signify

Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strew'd on the dark land of futurity
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

PAGE (*entering.*)
My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.
Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

Wallenſtein, Tertſky, Illo.—To them enter Queſtenberg, Octavio and Max. Piccolomini, Butler, Iſolani, Maradas, and three other Generals. Wallenſtein motions Queſtenberg, who in conſequence takes the Chair directly oppoſite to him; the others follow, arranging themſelves according to their Rank. There reigns a momentary Silence.

WALLENSTEIN.

I have underſtood, 'tis true, the ſum and import
Of your inſtructions, Queſtenberg, have weigh'd them,
And form'd my final, abſolute reſolve;
Yet it ſeems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of th' Emperor from your mouth.
May't pleaſe you then to open your commiſſion
Before theſe noble Chieftains.

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
To obey you; but will firſt entreat your Highneſs,
And all theſe noble Chieftains, to conſider,
Th' Imperial dignity and ſov'reign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own preſumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuſe all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majeſty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Preſented in the perſon of Duke Friedland
A moſt experienc'd and renown'd commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auſpicious change. The onſet
Was favourable to his royal wiſhes.
Bohemia was deliver'd from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conqueſt check'd! Theſe lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the ſtreams of Germany forc'd hither
The ſcatter'd armies of the enemy,
Hither invok'd as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenſtirn,
Yea, and that never-conquer'd King himſelf;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't pleaſe you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swediſh monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not aſtounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
March'd toward Bohemia with the ſpeed of flight,
And vaniſh'd from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forc'd his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like

Some delving winter-ſtream, which, where it ruſhes,
Makes its own channel; with ſuch ſudden ſpeed
He march'd, and now at once 'fore Regenſpurg
Stood to th' affright of all good Catholic Chriſtians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deſerving Prince
Entreat ſwift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor ſends ſeven horſemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horſemen couriers ſends he with th' entreaty:
He ſuperadds his own, and ſupplicates
Where as the ſovereign lord he can command.
In vain his ſupplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and ſo falls Regenſpurg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means
When we were in Sileſia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! Is it ſo?
But what had we to do *there?*

MAX.

To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True.
In that deſcription which the Miniſter gave
I ſeem'd to have forgotten the whole war.

(to

(to Questenberg)

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes! at length
Beſide the river Oder did the Duke
Aſſert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms;
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteouſneſs of Heaven to his avenger
Deliver'd that long-practis'd ſtirrer-up
Of inſurrection, that curſe-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Inſtead of puniſhment he found reward,
And with rich preſents did the Duke diſmiſs
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN. *(laughs)*

I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all foreſtall'd
To ſee him on the executioner's cart.
I might have loſt the battle, loſt it too
With infamy, and ſtill retain'd your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a ſpectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.

QUESTENBERG.

So Sileſia
Was freed, and all things loudly call'd the Duke
Into Bavaria, now preſs'd hard on all ſides.

And he *did* put his troops in motion: ſlowly,
Quite at his eaſe, and by the longeſt road
He traverſes Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once ſeen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably deſtitute
Of every neceſſary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majeſty
His troops are made of? An't we men? ſubjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumſtances of neceſſity?
O miſerable lot of the poor ſoldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curſe
Follows him on his rout. All muſt be ſeiz'd,
Nothing is given him. And compell'd to ſeize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here ſtand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the ſoldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire
That conſtitutes the hireling's name and duties.
The ſoldier's *pay* is the ſoldier's *covenant* *.

QUES-

* The original is not tranſlatable into Engliſh:

——Und ſein *ſold*
Muſs dem *ſoldaten* werden, darnach heiſst er.

It

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke ſpoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myſelf
Have ſpoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Daniſh war,
I rais'd him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thouſand men, that coſt him
Of his own purſe no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddeſs of the war march'd on,
E'en to the ſurf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honor'd with feſtival and celebration—
And Albrecht WALLENSTEIN, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenſpurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the hoſt.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful ſervant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myſelf the people's curſes,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expences of this war, that aggrandizes

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

" And that for which he ſold his ſervices,
" The ſoldier muſt receive."

But a falſe or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

The

The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offer'd up to their complaints,
Diſmiſs'd, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highneſs knows
What little freedom he poſſeſs'd of action
In that diſaſtrous diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!
I had that which could have procur'd him freedom.
No! Since 'twas prov'd ſo inauſpicious to me
To ſerve the Emperor at the empire's coſt,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of th' empire, and the diet of the empire.
From th' Emperor, doubtleſs, I receiv'd this ſtaff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the univerſal int'reſt,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's deſir'd of me?

QUESTENBERG.

Firſt, his Imperial Majeſty hath will'd
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this ſeaſon?
And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,
That we direct our courſe?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.
His Majeſty reſolves, that Regenſpurg
Be purified from the enemy, ere Eaſter,

That

That Luth'raniſm may be no longer preach'd
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement deſacrate the celebration
Of that pure feſtival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,
Can this be realiz'd?

ILLO.

'Tis not poſſible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realiz'd.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor
Already hath commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria?

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanc'd!

WALLENSTEIN.

What? he advanc'd? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to deſert his ſtation! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this th' obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aſide
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, ſpeak!
You be the judges, generals! What deſerves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN.

(*raiſing his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained ſilent, and ſeemingly ſcrupulous*)
Count Piccolomini! what has he deſerv'd?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI. (*After a long pauſe*)
According to the letter of the law,
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

(*Queſtenberg riſes from his ſeat, Wallenſtein follows, all the reſt riſe*)

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I ſhew him favour, 'twill ariſe
From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If *ſo*, I can ſay nothing further—*here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the firſt, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's ſelf, ſhould be entitled
To do aught, or to ſay aught, with the army.
If I ſtand warranter of the *event*,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs muſt I have full maſtery in all

The

The means thereto. What render'd this Guſtavus
Reſiſtleſs, and unconquer'd upon earth?
This: that he was the monarch in his army;
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet ſubdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The beſt is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of ſpring
From the Milaneſe; and leads a Spaniſh army
Thro' Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march ſecure and unimpeded,
'Tis th' Emperor's will, you grant him a detachment
Of eight horſe-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I underſtand!—Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thouſand horſe! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it ſhould be!
I ſee it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.
All ſtands in front: the counſel of ſtate-prudence,
The dictate of neceſſity!——

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be ſuffer'd
To underſtand, that folks are tir'd of ſeeing
The

The ſword's hilt in *my* graſp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and uſe
The Spaniſh title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unſubjected to my controul. To throw me
Plumply aſide,—I am ſtill too powerful for you
To venture that. My ſtipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces ſhall obey me
Where-e'er the German is the native language.
Of Spaniſh troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as viſitors, thro' the empire,
There ſtands no ſyllable in my ſtipulation.
No ſyllable! And ſo the politic court
Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
Firſt makes me weaker, then to be diſpens'd with,
Till it dares ſtrike at length a bolder blow
And make ſhort work with me.
What need of all theſe crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I mov'd off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!——

(*Here there commences an agitation among th generals which increaſes continually.*)

It grieves me for my noble officers ſakes!
I ſee not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompence their ſervices demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit ſuperannuates quickly.
There ſerve here many foreigners in th' army,

And

And were the man in all elſe brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice ſcrutiny
After his pedigree or catechiſm.
This will be otherwiſe, i'the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns.

(*He ſeats himſelf.*)

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it ſhould come to this!
Our troops will ſwell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abus'd—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to inſtant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou haſt ſaid truly, faithful Iſolani!
What *we* with toil and foreſight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to inſtant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is ſoon found,
Another army likewiſe (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all ſides to the Emperor
At the firſt beat of his recruiting drum.

(*During this ſpeech, Iſolani, Tertſky, Illo, and Maradas, talk confuſedly with great agitation.*)

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

(*Buſily, and paſſionately going from one to another, and ſoothing them.*)

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing;
Till we have met and repreſented to you

Our

Our joint remonſtrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet ſet right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in th' antichamber
Find we the others. [*They go.*

BUTLER. (*to Queſtenberg.*)

If good counſel gain
Due audience from your wiſdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you ſhew yourſelf
In public for ſome hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.

(*Commotions heard from without.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

A ſalutary counſel——Thou, Octavio!
Wilt anſwer for the ſafety of our gueſt.
Farewell, Von Queſtenberg!

(*Queſtenberg is about to ſpeak.*)

Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that deteſted ſubject!
You have perform'd your duty—We know how
To ſeparate the office from the man.

(*As Queſtenberg is going off with Octavio, Goetz, Tiefenbach, Kollatto, preſs in, ſeveral other generals following them.*)

GOETZ.

Where's he, who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH. (*at the ſame time.*)

What are we forc'd to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO. (*at the ſame time.*)
We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN. (*with ſtateline ſs, and pointing to Illo.*)
There! the Field-Marſhal knows our will.

[*Exit.*

(*While all are going off the ſtage, the curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene a ſmall Chamber.

SCENE I.

ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's buſineſs! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke conſign ourſelves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to ſpare
The laſt drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emp'ror.—Mark!
This reſervation we expreſsly make
In a particular clauſe, and ſave the conſcience.
Now hear! This formula ſo fram'd and worded
Will be preſented to them for peruſal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cauſe of offence or ſcruple. Hear now further!
After the feaſt, when now the vap'ring wine

Opens

Opens the heart, and ſhuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clauſe has been left out,
Go round for ſignatures.

TERTSKY.

How? think you then
That they'll believe themſelves bound by an oath,
Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We ſhall have caught and cag'd them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare againſt the wires, and rave
Loud as they may againſt our treachery,
At court their ſignatures will be believ'd
Far more than their moſt holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and muſt be; therefore wiſely
Will make a virtue of neceſſity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it ſhall content me; let but ſomething
Be *done*, let only ſome deciſive blow
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Beſides, 'tis of ſubordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we perſuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determin'd mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all ſtream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is ſuch a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myſelf
Cloſe at his ſide, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was ſtanding.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Seſina
Himſelf comes forward blank and undiſguis'd;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has ſlipp'd from me, and appears as if
He had no ſcheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His ſoul is occupied with nothing elſe,
Even in his ſleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams——
That day by day he queſtions for this purpoſe
The motions of the planets——

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with SENI
Shuts himſelf up in the aſtrological tower
To make joint obſervations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and criſis,
And ſomething great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its proceſſion in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make diſpatch. The work
In this next day or two muſt thrive and grow
More

More than it has for years. And let but only
Things firſt turn up auſpicious here below——
Mark what I ſay—the right ſtars too will ſhew themſelves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And muſt be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I muſt ſtay
And *wait* here for the Counteſs Tertſky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one ſtring,
A ſecond is in readineſs.

ILLO.

Yes! Yes!
I ſaw your Lady ſmile with ſuch ſly meaning.
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A ſecret. Huſh! ſhe comes.
[*Exit Illo.*

SCENE II.

(*The Counteſs ſteps out from a cloſet.*)

COUNT *and* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is ſhe coming—I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS,

She will be there inſtantly.
You only ſend him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain
I muſt confeſs it, Counteſs, whether or no
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'er rul'd me, and yourſelf know beſt,
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.
(*talking to herſelf, while ſhe is advancing.*)
Here's no need of full powers and commiſſions—
My cloudy Duke! we underſtand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter ſhould be ſent for hither,
Why firſt *he*, and no other, ſhould be choſen
To fetch her hither! This ſham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom *, when no one knows—No! no!———
This may blind others! I ſee thro' thee, Brother!
But it beſeems thee not, to draw a card
At ſuch a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely deliver'd up to my fineſſing——
Well—thou ſhalt not have been deceiv'd, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy ſiſter.——

* In Germany, after honourable addreſſes have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage ſhould not take place till years afterwards.

SERVANT.

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The commanders!

TERTSKY. (*to the Counteſs.*)

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Poſſeſs him with a reverie, and ſend him,
Abſent, and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the ſignature.

COUNTESS.

Take you care of your gueſts!—Go, ſend him hither.

TERTSKY.

All reſts upon his underſigning.

COUNTESS. (*interrupting him.*)

Go to your gueſts! Go——

ILLO. (*comes back.*)

Where art ſtaying, Tertſky?
The houſe is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Inſtantly! inſtantly!

(*To the Counteſs.*)

And let him not
Stay here too long. It might awake ſuſpicion
In the old man———

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!

[*Exeunt Tertſky and Illo.*

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. *(peeping in on the ſtage ſhily.)*
Aunt Tertſky! may I venture?
(Advances to the middle of the ſtage, and looks around him with uneaſineſs.)
She's not here!
Where is ſhe?

COUNTESS.
Look but ſomewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, left perhaps ſhe lie
Conceal'd behind that ſcreen.

MAX.
There lie her gloves!
(Snatches at them, but the Counteſs takes them herſelf.)
You unkind Lady! You refuſe me this—
You make it an amuſement to torment me.

COUNTESS.
And this the thank you give me for my trouble?

MAX.
O, if you felt the oppreſſion at *my* heart!
Since we've been here, ſo to conſtrain myſelf—
With ſuch poor ſtealth to hazard words and glances—
Theſe, theſe are not my habits!

COUNTESS.
You have ſtill
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!

But

But on this proof of your obedient temper
I muſt continue to inſiſt; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes ſhe not?
Where is ſhe?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you muſt place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealouſly affected to your intereſt?
No ſoul on earth muſt know it—not your father.
He muſt not above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concenter
All, the enraptur'd ſoul ſtirs up within me.
O Lady! tell me. Is all chang'd around me;
Or is it only I?
I find myſelf,
As among ſtrangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wiſhes, former joys.
Where has it vaniſh'd to? There was a time
When ev'n, methought, with ſuch a world, as this,
I was not diſcontented. Now how flat!
How ſtale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can ſay nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are ſuch wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!
I muſt entreat it of your condeſcenſion,
You would be pleas'd to ſink your eye, and favour
With one ſhort glance or two this poor ſtale world,
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I ſee it gath'ring, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncuſtomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtleſs, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The ſpring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointleſs jeſt, the empty converſation,
Oppreſs'd and ſtifled me. I gaſp'd for air—
I could not breathe—I was conſtrain'd to fly,
To ſeek a ſilence out for my full heart;
And a pure ſpot wherein to feel my happineſs.
No ſmiling, Counteſs! In the church was I.
There is a cloiſter here to the * heaven's gate,
Thither I went, there found myſelf alone.
Over the altar hung an holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloiſter, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it ſtood. I have tranſlated it in the former ſenſe; but fearful of having made ſome blunder, I add the original.—Es iſt ein Kloſter hier *zur Himmelſpforte.*

That

That I was ſeeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In ſplendour, mid extatic worſhippers;
Yet, ſtill it mov'd me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudleſs as my love.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendſhip
Shall keep ſtrict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendſhip
Points you the road to full accompliſhment.
How long may it be ſince you declared your paſſion?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the firſt word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the firſt time in twenty days?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-caſtle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—
That was the laſt relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were ſtanding mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The ſafe-guard which the Duke had ſent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventur'd I at length theſe words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I muſt take leave of my good fortune.

A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will ſee yourſelf ſurrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth ſhall be but as a ſtranger,
Loſt in the many—"Speak with my aunt Tertſky!"
With hurrying voice ſhe interrupted me.
She faulter'd. I beheld a glowing red
Poſſeſs her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Rais'd ſlowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I controul myſelf.

(*The Princeſs Thekla appears at the door, and remains ſtanding, obſerved by the Counteſs, but not by Piccolomini.*)

With inſtant boldneſs
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd her's;
There was a ruſtling in the room cloſe by;
It parted us—'Twas you. What ſince has happened,
You know.

COUNTESS.

(*after a pauſe, with a ſtolen glance at Thekla.*)
And is it your exceſs of modeſty;
Or are you ſo incurious, that you do not
Aſk me too of my ſecret?

MAX.

Of *your* ſecret?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes! When in the inſtant after you
I ſtepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
What ſhe in this firſt moment of the heart
Ta'en with ſurpriſe—

MAX. (*with eagerneſs.*)

Well?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

THEKLA *(hurries forward)*, COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA. *(to the Countess)*

Spare yourself the trouble.
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. *(stepping backward)*

My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky!

THEKLA. *(to the Countess)*

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stay'd so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment

To

To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
But his ſtern eye o'erpower'd the ſwelling paſſion—
It dar'd not but be ſilent. And thoſe brilliants,
That like a crown of ſtars enwreath'd your brows,
They ſcar'd me too! O wherefore, wherefore
ſhould he
At the firſt meeting ſpread as 'twere the bann
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dreſs up the angel as for ſacrifice,
And caſt upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* ſtation? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but ſuch a ſplendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Huſh! not a word more of this mummery.
You ſee how ſoon the burthen is thrown off.
(to the Counteſs.)
He is not in ſpirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all ſo gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, ſo bright, ſo joyous eloquent.
(to Max.)
It was my wiſh to ſee you always ſo,
And never otherwiſe!

MAX.

You find yourſelf
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, were't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confeſs to you

That

That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley ſtage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been preſent to me
As a ſweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not ſo to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon ſome iſland in the etherial heights
I've liv'd for theſe laſt days. This maſs of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treaſure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliſs.
(breaking off, and in a ſportive tone)
In this ſhort time that I've been preſent here,
What new unheard-of things have I not ſeen?
And yet they all muſt give place to the wonder
Which this myſterious caſtle guards.

COUNTESS. *(recollecting)*

And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the duſky corners of this houſe.

THEKLA. *(ſmiling)*

Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by ſpirits,
Two griffins ſtill ſtand ſentry at the door.

COUN-

COUNTESS. *(laughs)*

The aſtrological tower!—How happens it
That this ſame ſanctuary, whoſe acceſs
Is to all others ſo impracticable,
Opens before you e'en at your approach?

THEKLA.

A dwarfiſh old man with a friendly face
And ſnow-white hairs, whoſe gracious ſervices
Were mine-at firſt ſight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.

That is the Duke's aſtrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He queſtion'd me on many points; for inſtance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wiſh'd
To erect a figure for your horoſcope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examin'd, ſhook his head
With much ſad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not ſquare over truly with his wiſhes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princeſs, and what found you in this tower?
My higheſt privilege has been to ſnatch
A ſide-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a ſtrange
Senſation that came o'er me, when at firſt
From the broad ſunſhine I ſtepp'd in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The cloſing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and duſky night, with many ſhadows
Fantaſ-

Fantaſtically caſt. Here ſix or ſeven
Coloſſal ſtatues, and all kings, ſtood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A ſceptre bore, and on his head a ſtar;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from theſe ſtars; all ſeem'd to come from them.
'Theſe are the planets,' ſaid that low old man,
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cauſe
'Are imag'd here as kings. He fartheſt from you,
'Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
'With bent and yellow forehead, he is SATURN.
'He oppoſite, the king with the red light,
'An arm'd man for the battle, that is MARS:
'And both theſe bring but little luck to man.'
But at his ſide a lovely lady ſtood,
The ſtar upon her head was ſoft and bright,
And that was VENUS, the bright ſtar of joy.
On the left hand, lo! MERCURY, with wings.
Quite in the middle glitter'd ſilver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was JUPITER, my father's ſtar:
And at his ſide I ſaw the SUN and MOON.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of ſtars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's PRIDE that peoples ſpace
With life and myſtical predominance;
Since likewiſe for the ſtricken heart of LOVE
This viſible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.

For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and taliſmans,
And ſpirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himſelf divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majeſty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or foreſt by ſlow ſtream, or pebbly ſpring,
Or chaſms and wat'ry depths; all theſe have vaniſh'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reaſon!
But ſtill the heart doth need a language, ſtill
Doth the old inſtinct bring back the old names.
And to yon ſtarry world they now are gone,
*Spirits or gods, that us'd ſhare this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder viſible ſky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THEKLA.

And if this be the ſcience of the ſtars,
I too, with glad and zealous induſtry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeaſurable heights above us,
At our firſt birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With ſparkling ſtars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roſes,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you,

* No more of talk, where god or angel gueſt
With man, as with his friend familiar, us'd
To ſit indulgent. PARADISE LOST, B. IX.

Leave

Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.
What Venus twin'd, the bearer of glad fortune,
The ſullen orb of Mars ſoon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy empire reach its cloſe.
Bleſt be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, preſenting
Peace to the ſhouting nations. Then no wiſh
Will have remain'd for his great heart! Enough
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
Live for himſelf and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a ſtately ſeat
Of faireſt view at Gitſchin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Caſtle, both lie pleaſantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chaſe and covers of his foreſts:
His ruling paſſion, to create the ſplendid,
He can indulge without reſtraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the ſtarry courſes—

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aſide your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as ſhe is, is well worth it
That you ſhould woo and win her with the ſword.

MAX.

O, that the ſword could win her!

COUNTESS.

What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[*Exit Counteſs.*

SCENE V.

THEKLA *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA.

(*As ſoon as the Counteſs is out of ſight, in a quick ſlow voice to Piccolomini*)
Don't truſt them! They are falſe!

MAX.

Impoſſible!

THEKLA.

Truſt no one here but me. I ſaw at once,
They had a *purpoſe*.

MAX.

Purpoſe! but what purpoſe?
And how can we be inſtrumental to it?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you; but yet, believe me:
There's ſome deſign in this! To make us happy,
To realize our union—truſt me, love!
They but pretend to wiſh it.

MAX.

But theſe Tertſkies——
Why uſe we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! ſhe deſerves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But ſuch a ſecret—ſhe would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.

For

For her own peace of mind we muſt preſerve it
A ſecret from her too.

MAX.

Why any ſecret?
I love not ſecrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no maſk—he hates all crooked ways—
He is ſo good, ſo noble!

THEKLA. *(falls on his neck.)*

That are you!

MAX.

You knew him only ſince this morn; but I
Have liv'd ten years already in his preſence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are ſilent?———
You look at me with ſuch a hopeleſſneſs!
What have you to object againſt your father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's ſo occupied—
He has no leiſure time to think about
The happineſs of us two.
(*Taking his hand tenderly.*)
Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
Theſe Tertſkies—we will ſtill be grateful to them
For every kindneſs, but not truſt them further
Than they deſerve;—and in all elſe rely——
On our own hearts!

MAX.

O! ſhall we *e'er* be happy?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my ſoul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be leſs open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—ſo decorum dictates.
But where in this place could'ſt thou ſeek for truth,
If in my mouth thou did'ſt not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Counteſs TERTSKY.

COUNTESS. (*in a preſſing manner.*)

Come!
My huſband ſends me for you—It is now
The lateſt moment.

(*They not appearing to attend to what ſhe ſays, ſhe ſteps between them.*)

Part you!

THEKLA.

O, not yet!
It has been ſcarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Aye? Then time
Flies ſwiftly with your Highneſs, Princeſs niece!

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUN-

COUNTESS.

Away! away!
The folks begin to miſs you. Twice already
His father has aſk'd for him.

THEKLA.

Ha! his father?

COUNTESS.

You underſtand *that*, niece!

THEKLA.

Why needs he
To go at all to that ſociety?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he ſuits not ſuch ſociety.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA. (*with energy.*)

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company——

COUNTESS.

What? have you loſt your ſenſes, niece?——
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to Thekla.*)

Lady, I muſt obey. Farewell, dear lady!
(*Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion.*)
What ſay you then, dear lady?

THEKLA. (*without looking at him.*)

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry———

(*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, ſhe ſtands ſilent a moment, then throws herſelf into his arms; he preſſes her faſt to his heart.*)

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one ſhould come!
Hark! What's that noiſe? It comes this way.—
Off!

(*Max. tears himſelf away out of her arms, and goes. The Counteſs accompanies him. Thekla follows him with her eyes at firſt, walks reſtleſsly acroſs the room, then ſtops, and remains ſtanding, loſt in thought. A guitar lies on the table, ſhe ſeizes it as by a ſudden emotion, and after ſhe has played a while an irregular and melancholy ſymphony, ſhe falls gradually into the muſic and ſings.*)

THEKLA. (*plays and ſings.*)

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damſel paces along the ſhore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And ſhe flings out her voice to the darkſome night,
Her boſom is ſwelling with ſorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wiſh for beneath the ſky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day——
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

* I found it not in my power to tranſlate this ſong with *literal* fidelity, preſerving at the ſame time the Alcaic Movement; and have

have therefore added the original with a proſe tranſlation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA. *(ſpielt und ſingt.)*

Der Eichwald brauſet, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht ſich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und ſie ſingt hinaus in die finſtre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz iſt geſtorben, die Welt iſt leer,
Und weiter giebt ſie dem Wunſche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genoſſen das irdiſche Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Literal Tranſlation.

THEKLA. *(plays and ſings.)*

The oak-foreſt bellows, the clouds gather, the damſel walks to and fro on the green of the ſhore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and ſhe ſings out into the dark night, her eye diſcolour'd with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wiſh. Thou Holy One, call thy child home, I have enjoyed the happineſs of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this ſong, with which the author of "The Tale of Roſamund Gray and Blind Margaret," has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happieſt manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are black'ning, the ſtorms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damſels' heart aching,
Thus in the dark night ſhe ſingeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead ſurely,
In this world plainly all ſeemeth amiſs;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliſs,
Both living and loving.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS *(returns)* THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourſelf upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And ſo muſt be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I ſhould have thought,
It had been more beſeeming to have ſhewn yourſelf
More chary of your perſon.

THEKLA. *(riſing)*
And what mean you?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you ſhould not have forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurr'd to you.

THEKLA.
What then?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince-duke
Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well—and what farther?

COUNTESS.

What? a pretty queſtion!

THEKLA.

He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princeſs.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming?
Talking in ſleep? An excellent jeſt, forſooth!
We ſhall no doubt right courteouſly *entreat* him
To honour with his hand the richeſt heireſs
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be neceſſary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 'twere well tho' not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpoſe no difficulty——

COUNTESS.

His!
His father! *his!* But your's, niece, what of your's?

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiouſly you hide it from the man;
His father, *his*, I mean.

COUNTESS. *(looks at her, as ſcrutinizing)*

Niece, you are *falſe.*

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too ſoon!—

THEKLA *(interrupting her, and attempting to ſooth her.)*

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet ſo far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you ſuppoſe your father had laid out
His moſt important life in toils of war,
Denied himſelf each quiet earthly bliſs,
Had baniſh'd ſlumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In eaſy triumph to your arms the man
That chanc'd to pleaſe your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchas'd at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me, might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou ſeeſt it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Caſt thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no houſe of joyance haſt thou ſtepp'd,
For no eſpouſals doſt thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no ſplendour but of arms. Or think'ſt thou

That

That all theſe thouſands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou ſee'ſt thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great deſtiny of all our houſe.
Leave now the puny wiſh, the girliſh feeling,
O thruſt it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
That thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*,
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herſelf the woman muſt belong,
Annex'd and bound to alien deſtinies.
But ſhe performs the beſt part, ſhe the wiſeſt,
Who can tranſmute the alien into ſelf,
Meet and diſarm neceſſity by choice;
And what muſt be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foſter it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my leſſon in the convent.
I had no loves, no wiſhes, knew myſelf
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whoſe blaſt drove to me
From the far diſtance, waken'd in my ſoul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myſelf in paſſiveneſs to him.

COUNTESS.

That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wiſhes to it,
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath ſhewn me *him*, to whom behoves it
That I ſhould offer up myſelf. In gladneſs
Him will I follow.

COUN-

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath ſhewn him!
Thy heart, ſay rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulſes.
I am all his! *His* Preſent—*his* alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infus'd a ſoul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou would'ſt oppoſe thy father then, ſhould he
Have otherwiſe determin'd with thy perſon?
(*Thekla remains ſilent. The Counteſs continues.*)
Thou mean'ſt to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.
He ſhall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What? he has vanquiſh'd all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new ſtruggle riſe for him? Child! child!
As yet thou haſt ſeen thy father's ſmiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou haſt not ſeen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I truſt, it ne'er ſhall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis poſſible, his aims
May have the ſame direction as thy wiſh.
But this can never, never be his will,

That

That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'ſt e'er demean thee as a love-ſick maiden;
And like ſome poor coſt-nothing, fling thyſelf
Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever
Be deſtin'd to await him, yet, with ſacrifices
The higheſt love can bring, muſt pay for it.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.

THEKLA. (*who during the laſt ſpeech had been ſtanding evidently loſt in her reflections.*)
I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My ſad preſentiment to certainty.
And it is ſo!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourſelves!
O ſhe ſaid rightly—no auſpicious ſigns
Beam on this convenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noiſe of war alone ſtirs here.
And love himſelf, as he were arm'd in ſteel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the ſtrife of death.
(*Muſic from the banquet room is heard.*)
There's a dark ſpirit walking in our houſe,
And ſwiftly will the Deſtiny cloſe on us.
It drove me hither from my calm aſylum,
It mocks my ſoul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a ſeraph's ſhape,
I ſee it near, I ſee it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo! the abyſs—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!
(*The muſic from the banquet room becomes louder.*)

O when a houſe is doom'd in fire to periſh,
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, ſhoots his lightnings down from ſunny heights,
Flames burſt from out the ſubterraneous chaſms,
* And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[*Exit* THEKLA.

* There are few, who will not have taſte enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this ſoliloquy; and ſtill fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more diſpoſed to ſhudder, had I given a *faithful* tranſlation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthendſchleudert ſelbſt der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

SCENE VIII.

A large Saloon lighted up with feſtal Splendour; in the Midſt of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly ſet out, at which eight Generals are ſitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, *and* MARADAS. *Right and left of this, but further back, two other Tables, at each of which ſix Perſons are placed. The middle Door, which is ſtanding open, gives to the Proſpect a fourth Table, with the ſame Number of Perſons. More forward ſtands the Sideboard. The whole Front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Muſic belonging to Tertſky's Regiment march acroſs the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage,* MAX. PICCOLOMINI *appears, Tertſky advances towards him with a Paper, Iſolani comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here brother, what we love! Why, where haſt been?
Off, to thy place—quick! Tertſky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg caſtle.

Already haſt thou loſt the beſt. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in ſhares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenſtein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalties.
Be nimble, lad! and ſomething may turn up
For thee—who knows? Off—to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH *and* GOETZ (*call out from the ſecond and third tables.*)

Count Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye ſhall have him in an inſtant.—Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here ſet forth,
The wording ſatisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will ſubſcribe
His individual ſignature.

MAX. *(reads)*

"Ingratis ſervire nefas."

ISOLANI.

That ſounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

TERTSKY.

No honeſt man will ſerve a thankleſs maſter.

MAX.

"Inaſmuch as our ſupreme Commander, the illuſtrious Duke of Friedland, in conſequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expreſſed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciouſly

graciouſly conſented to remain ſtill with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, ſo we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the ſtead of an oath perſonally taken, do hereby oblige ourſelves—likewiſe by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowiſe whatſoever from him to part, and to be ready to ſhed for his intereſts the laſt drop of our blood, ſo far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it. (Theſe laſt words are repeated by Iſolani.)* In teſtimony of which we ſubſcribe our names."

TERTSKY.

Now!—are you willing to ſubſcribe this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why ſhould he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, ay muſt do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it reſt till after meal.

ISOLANI. *(drawing Max. along.)*
Come, Max.
(Both ſeat themſelves at their table.)

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY. *(beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the ſide-table, and ſteps forward with him to the edge of the ſtage.)*

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be chang'd for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er diſcover other difference,
Save only the omiſſion of that clauſe,
According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! Lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has perform'd its buſineſs—to the fire with it—
(Neumann lays the copy on the table, and ſteps back again to the ſide-table.)

SCENE X.

ILLO *(comes out from the ſecond chamber)*, TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has ſtarted no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table? You forget not
To keep them warm and ſtirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial,

They

They are quite cordial in the ſcheme. We have
them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in ſtation. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward?
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Truſt me, Count,
Were it not for theſe ſaid Piccolomini,
We might have ſpar'd ourſelves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler?
How goes it there? Huſh!

SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER *from the ſecond table.*

BUTLER.

Don't diſturb yourſelves.
Field Marſhal, I have underſtood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the ſcheme; and as to me,
(with an air of myſtery)
You may depend upon me.

ILLO. *(with vivacity)*

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clauſe, all one to me!
You underſtand me? My fidelity

The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him ſo! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleaſure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's ſervant,
As ſoon as it ſhall pleaſe him to become
His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange.
No ſtern economiſt, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your ſervices.

BUTLER. *(with a haughty look)*

I do not put up my fidelity
To ſale, Count Tertſky! Half a year ago
I would not have advis'd you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myſelf of my own free accord.—
But that is paſt! and to the Duke, Field Marſhal,
I bring myſelf together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my ſixtieth year my old good name
Can purchaſe for me a revenge ſo full.

Start

Start not at what I ſay, ſir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourſelves, I truſt, could not expect
That this your game had crook'd *my* judgment—or
That fickleneſs, quick blood, or ſuch light cauſe,
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he ſo long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determin'd with leſs firmneſs,
Becauſe I know and have look'd ſteadily
At that on which I have determin'd.

ILLO.

Say,
And ſpeak roundly, what are we to deem you?

BUTLER.

A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm your's
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.——Go, tell him, ſirs!
I've earn'd and laid up ſomewhat in his ſervice,
I lend it him; and is he my ſurvivor,
It has been already long ago bequeath'd him.
He is my heir. For me, I ſtand alone
Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling
That bind the huſband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my exiſtence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like your's weighs tons of gold down, weighs down
millions!

BUTLER.

I came a ſimple ſoldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a maſter, whom I buried.

From loweſt ſtable duty I climb'd up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimſical good fortune.
And Wallenſtein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful ſouls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determin'd, an auſpicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Main
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberſtadt,
That MANSFELD, wanted but a longer life
To have mark'd out with his good ſword a lordſhip
That ſhould reward his courage. Who of theſe
Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may ſet the ladder to it!

TERTSKY.

That's ſpoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you ſecure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Leſly.
Come! to the company!

TERTSKY.

Where is the maſter of the cellar? Ho!
Let the beſt wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes to-day, ſo give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

The MASTER OF THE CELLAR *advancing with* NEUMANN, *Servants paſſing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The beſt wine! O! if my old miſtreſs, his lady mother, could but ſee theſe wild goings on, ſhe would turn herſelf round in her grave. Yes, yes, ſir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble houſe! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's ſiſter, a ſplendid connection, a very ſplendid connection! but I tell you, ſir officer, it bodes no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole proſpect is in bud and bloſſom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think ſo?—Well, well! much may be ſaid on that head.

FIRST SERVANT. *(comes)*

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, ſir lieutenant, if this an't the ſeventieth flaſk——

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reaſon is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, ſits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. *(continuing his diſcourſe to Neumann.)*

They are ſoaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and ſplendour; and

and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious maſter, the Count, loiter on the brink.——*(to the Servants)*—What do you ſtand there liſtening for? I will let you know you have legs preſently. Off! ſee to the tables, ſee to the flaſks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glaſs before him!

RUNNER. *(comes)*

The great ſervice-cup is wanted, ſir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count ſays you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artiſt William—there was not ſuch another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The ſame!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. *(ſhaking his head while he fetches and rinſes the cup.)*

This will be ſomething for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are emboſs'd on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on that firſt quarter, let me ſee. That proud Amazon there on horſeback, ſhe that is taking a leap over the croſier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet repre-

repreſented. Can you tell me what all this ſignifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you ſee there on horſeback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is ſignified by the round hat, and by that fiery ſteed on which ſhe is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup ſignifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Huſſites forced from the Pope this noble privilege; for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his coſtly jewel, and has coſt the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what ſays that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That ſignifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that ſecures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open pſalmody. But ſince he of Steiermärk

märk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederic loſt crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their ſhoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himſelf cut to pieces with his ſciſſars.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Maſter of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reaſon were they minſtrels, and ſerved under Procopius and Ziſka. Peace be with their aſhes! Well, well! they fought for a good cauſe tho'—There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this ſecond quarter, Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Caſtle the Imperial Counſellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurl'd down head over heels. 'Tis even ſo! there ſtands Count Thur who commands it.

(*Runner takes the ſervice-cup and goes off with it.*)

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thouſand, ſix hundred, and eighteen. It ſeems to me as it were but yeſterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now ſixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

(*Health*

(Health drank aloud at the ſecond table.)

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

(At the third and fourth table.)

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

(Muſic ſtrikes up.)

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear'em! Hear'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT. *(comes in running.)*

Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swediſh Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT. *(ſpeaking at the ſame time.)*

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Juſt before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouſe.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in, ſtrange things come out. A good ſervant hears, and hears not!— You ſhould be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you're called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

(To the Runner, to whom he gives ſecretly a flaſk of wine, keeping his eye on the Maſter of the Cellar, ſtanding between him and the Runner.)

Quick, Thomas! before the Maſter of the Cellar

Cellar looks this way—'tis a flaſk of Frontignac! —Snapp'd it up at the third table—Canſt go off with it?

RUNNER. *(hides it in his pocket.)*

All right!

[*Exit. the Second Servant.*

THIRD SERVANT. *(aſide, to the firſt.)*

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of abſolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpoſe I am always having ſomething to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for ſpeeches to make you ſtare with!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. *(to Neumann.)*

Who, pray, may that ſwarthy man be, he with the croſs, that is chatting ſo confidentially with Eſterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay! he too is one of thoſe to whom they confide too much. He calls himſelf Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. *(impatiently.)*

Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of thoſe Spaniards. All theſe outlandiſh * fellows are little better than rogues.

* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the tranſlation. "Die *welſchen* alle," &c. which word in claſſical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its firſt ſenſe; and at preſent in the *vulgar* uſe of the word, ſignifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I ſuppoſe, means *outlandiſh* nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German "Welſch-nüſſe." T.

NEUMANN.

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you ſhould not ſay ſo, friend. There are among them our very beſt generals, and thoſe on whom the Duke at this moment relies the moſt.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

(*Taking the flaſk out of the Runner's pocket.*)

My ſon, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

(*Tertſky hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a ſervant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the ſtage.*)

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*to the ſervants.*)

The Lieutenant-General ſtands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms!

(*They riſe at all the tables, the ſervants hurry off the front of the ſtage to the tables; part of the gueſts come forward.*)

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

(OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters in converſation with* MARADAS, *and both place themſelves quite on the edge of the ſtage on one ſide of the proſcenium. On the ſide directly oppoſite,* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *by himſelf, loſt in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle ſpace between both, but rather more diſtant from the edge of the ſtage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.)

ISOLANI. (*while the company is coming forward.*)

Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I ſhould rather ſay, good morning.

GOETZ. (*to Tiefenbach.*)

Noble brother! (*making the uſual compliment after meals.*)

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feaſt indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Counteſs underſtands theſe matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven reſt her ſoul, taught her!—Ah! that was a houſewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for ſetting out a table.

OCTAVIO. (*aſide to Maradas.*)

Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you

you will—or of nothing. Only preſerve the appearance at leaſt of talking. I would not wiſh to ſtand by myſelf, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive obſervation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following ſcene.*)

ISOLANI. (*on the point of going.*)

Lights! lights!

TERTSKY. (*advances with the paper to Iſolani.*)

Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is ſomething to ſubſcribe.

ISOLANI.

Subſcribe as much as you like—but you muſt excuſe me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen! (*Iſolani hands over the paper to Octavio, reſpectfully.*)

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, firſt come firſt ſerved. There is no precedence here. (*Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertſky watches him at ſome diſtance.*)

GOETZ. (*to Tertſky.*)

Noble Count! with your permiſſion—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other compoſing draught. (*to the ſervants*)—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuſe me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuſe me.

TIEFENBACH. *(ſits down.)*

Pardon me, nobles!—This ſtanding does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Conſult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, ſound in ſtomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI. *(pointing at his corpulence.)*

Poor legs! how *ſhould* they? Such an unmerciful load! *(Octavio ſubſcribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertſky, who gives it to Iſolani; and he goes to the table to ſign his name.)*

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that firſt brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and ſnow—no help for it.—I ſhall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in ſimple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the ſeaſon.

TERTSKY. *(obſerving Iſolani, whoſe hand trembles exceſſively, ſo that he can ſcarce direct his pen.)* Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Diſpatch it.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

The ſins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I muſt bear it. (*Tertſky gives the paper to Maradas; he ſteps to the table to ſubſcribe.*)

OCTAVIO. (*advancing to Butler.*)

You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have obſerved it. You would, I think, find yourſelf more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feaſt.

BUTLER.

I muſt confeſs, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO. (*ſtepping nearer to him friendlily.*)

Nor in mine either, I can aſſure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree ſo well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at moſt, at a ſmall round table, a glaſs of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational converſation—that's my taſte!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had. (*The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the ſame time with Goetz and Kolatto. Maradas in the mean time returns to Octavio, all this takes place, the converſation with Butler proceeding uninterrupted.*)

OCTAVIO. (*introducing Maradas to Butler.*)

Don Balthaſar Maradas! likewiſe a man of our ſtamp, and long ago your admirer. (*Butler bows*)

OCTAVIO. (*continuing.*)

You are a ſtranger here—'twas but yeſterday you arrived;—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be ſnug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my viſitor. (*Butler makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have ſtill a corner remaining.

BUTLER. (*coldly.*)

Your obliged humble ſervant, my Lord Lieutenant-General! (*The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to ſubſcribe it. The front of the ſtage is vacant, ſo that both the Piccolominis, each on the ſide where he had been from the commencement of the ſcene, remain alone.*

OCTAVIO. (*After having ſome time watched his ſon in ſilence, advances ſomewhat nearer to him.*) You were long abſent from us, friend!

MAX.

I——urgent buſineſs detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I obſerve, you are ſtill abſent!

MAX.

You know this croud and buſtle always makes me ſilent.

OCTAVIO. (*advancing ſtill nearer.*)

May I be permitted to aſk what the buſineſs was that detained you?—*Tertſky* knows it without aſking!

MAX.

MAX.

What does Tertſky know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miſs you.

ISOLANI. (*who has been attending to them from ſome diſtance, ſteps up.*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! There is ſomething there that ſhould not be.

TERTSKY. (*with the paper.*)

Is there none wanting? Have the whole ſubſcribed?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY. (*calling aloud.*)

Ho! Who ſubſcribes?

BUTLER. (*to Tertſky.*)

Count the names. There ought to be juſt thirty.

TERTSKY.

Here is a croſs.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his croſs is a good croſs, and is honoured by Jews as well as Chriſtians.

OCTAVIO. (*preſſes on to Max.*)

Come, General! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has ſigned.

ISOLANI. (*pointing to Max.*)

Look! that is your man, that ſtatue there, who

has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (*Max. receives the paper from Tertſky, which he looks upon vacantly.*)

SCENE XIV.

(*To theſe enter* ILLO *from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden ſervice-cup, and is extremely diſtempered with drinking:* GOETZ *and* BUTLER *follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*)

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ *and* BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heav'n's ſake, drink no more.

ILLO. (*goes up to Octavio, and ſhakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*)

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's paſt be paſt—that is, you underſtand—forgotten! I eſteem you infinitely. (*embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll ſtrangle him!—my *dear* friend!

TERTSKY.

TERTSKY. (*whiſpering to him.*)

Art in thy ſenſes? For heaven's ſake, Illo! think where you are.

ILLO. (*aloud.*)

What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a ſneeker among us, thank heaven!

TERTSKY. (*to Butler, eagerly.*)

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER. (*to Illo.*)

Field Marſhal! a word with you. (*leads him to the ſide-board.*)

ILLO. (*cordially.*)

A thouſand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI. (*to Max. who all the while has been ſtaring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*)

Slow and ſure, my noble brother!—Haſt *parſed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go thro'?—Ha?—

MAX. (*waking as from a dream.*)

What am I to do?

TERTSKY, *and at the ſame time* ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (*Octavio directs his eyes on him with intenſe anxiety.*)

MAX. (*returns the paper.*)

Let it ſtay till to-morrow. It is *buſineſs*—to-day I am not ſufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourſelf a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy ſignature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngeſt in the whole company, and wouldeſt be wiſer than all of us together? Look there! thy father has ſigned—we have all ſigned.

TERTSKY. (*to Octavio.*)

Uſe your influence. Inſtruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My ſon is at the age of diſcretion.

ILLO. (*leaves the ſervice-cup on the ſide-board.*)

What's the diſpute?

TERTSKY.

He declines ſubſcribing the paper.

MAX.

I ſay, it may as well ſtay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot ſtay. We have all ſubſcribed to it—and ſo muſt you.—You muſt ſubſcribe.

MAX.

Illo, good night!

ILLO.

No!—You come not off ſo! The Duke ſhall learn who are his friends. (*all collect round Illo and Max.*)

MAX.

What my ſentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild ſtuff?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partialty to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleaſes him but what's outlandiſh.

TERTSKY. (*in extreme embarraſſment, to the commanders, who at Illo's words gave a ſudden ſtart, as preparing to reſent them.*) It is the wine that ſpeaks, and not his reaſon. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI. (*with a bitter laugh.*)

Wine invents nothing; it only *tattles.*

ILLO.

He who is not with me is againſt me. Your tender conſciences! Unleſs they can ſlip out by a back-door, by a puny proviſo——

TERTSKY. (*interrupting him.*)

He is ſtark mad—don't liſten to him!

ILLO. (*raiſing his voice to the higheſt pitch.*)

Unleſs they can ſlip out by a *proviſo.*—What of the proviſo? The devil take this proviſo!

MAX. (*has his attention roufed, and looks again into the paper.*)

What is there here then of ſuch perilous import? You make me curious—I muſt look cloſer at it.

TERTSKY. (*in a low voice to Illo.*)

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH. (*to Kolatto.*)

Ay, ay! I obſerved, that before we ſat down to ſupper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

GOETZ.

Why, I ſeemed to think ſo too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there ſtand other names, mine can ſtand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before ſupper there *was* a certain proviſo therein, or ſhort clauſe concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER. (*to one of the commanders.*)

For ſhame, for ſhame! Bethink you. What is the main buſineſs here? The queſtion now is, whether we ſhall keep our General, or let him retire. One muſt not take theſe things too nicely and over-ſcrupulouſly.

ISOLANI. (*to one of the generals.*)

Did the Duke make any of theſe proviſoes when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY. (*to Goetz.*)

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thouſand piſtoles!

ILLO.

He is a raſcal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants ſatisfaction, let him ſay ſo.—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, ſoftly! 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back.*)

Till to-morrow therefore!

ILLO.

ILLO. *(ſtammering with rage and fury, loſes all command over himſelf, and preſents the paper to Max. with one hand, and his ſword in the other.)* Subſcribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER, *(all together.)*

Down with the ſword!

MAX. *(ruſhes on him ſuddenly and diſarms him, then to Count Tertſky.)*

Take him off to bed.

(Max. leaves the ſtage. Illo curſing and raving is held back by ſome of the officers, and amidſt an univerſal confuſion the curtain drops.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

ACT III.

Scene a Chamber in Piccolomini's Manſion.— It is Night.

SCENE I.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre, with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

—— And when my ſon comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undreſs.
You may retire to ſleep.

[*Exit Valet. Octavio paces, muſing, acroſs the chamber. Max. Piccolomini enters unobſerved, and looks at his father for ſome moments in ſilence.*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heav'n knows
That odious buſineſs was no fault of mine.

'Tis

'Tis true, indeed, I ſaw thy ſignature.
What *thou* hadſt ſanction'd, ſhould not, it might ſeem,
Have come amiſs to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'ſt, that in ſuch matters I muſt follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO. *(goes up to him, and embraces him.)*

Follow it,
O follow it ſtill further, my beſt ſon!
To night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than th' example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyſelf leſs darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do ſo.
For after what has taken place this night,
There muſt remain no ſecrets 'twixt us two.
(Both ſeat themſelves.)
Max. Piccolomini! what think'ſt thou of
The oath that was ſent round for ſignatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmleſs import,
Altho' I love not theſe ſet declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hadſt thou refus'd
The ſignature they fain had wreſted from thee?

MAX.

It was a ſerious buſineſs——I was abſent—
The affair itſelf ſeem'd not ſo urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadſt then no ſuſpicion?

MAX.

Suſpicion! what ſuſpicion? Not the leaſt.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;
He drew thee back unconſcious from the abyſs.

MAX.

I know not what thou meaneſt.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, ſon,
The ſanction of thy name to villainy;
Yea, with a ſingle flouriſh of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. *(riſes)*

Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Patience!—Seat yourſelf. Much yet
Haſt thou to hear from me, friend!—haſt for years
Liv'd in incomprehenſible illuſion.
Before thine eyes is Treaſon drawing out
As black a web as e'er was ſpun from venom:
A power of hell o'erclouds thy underſtanding.
I dare no longer ſtand in ſilence—dare
No longer ſee thee wandering on in darkneſs,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father!
Yet, ere thou ſpeak'ſt, a moment's pauſe of thought!
If your diſcloſures ſhould appear to be
Conjectures only—and almoſt I fear

They

They will be nothing further—ſpare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at preſent,
That I could liſten to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cauſe thou haſt to hate this light,
The more impatient cauſe have I, my ſon,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wiſdom of thy heart I could have truſted thee
With calm aſſurance—but I ſee the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itſelf
Alarms me for thine innocence—that ſecret,
(fixing his eye ſtedfaſtly on his ſon's face)
Which thou concealeſt, forces *mine* from me.

(Max. attempts to anſwer, but heſitates, and caſts his eyes to the ground embarraſſed.)

OCTAVIO. *(after a pauſe)*

Know, then, they are duping thee!—a moſt foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He aſſumes
The maſk, as if he would forſake the army;
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor—to *ſteal*,
And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low Prieſt's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
From which thou hear'ſt it at this preſent moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Prieſt's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they ſuppoſe the Duke!
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thouſand
Tried troops and true, all honourable ſoldiers,
More than a thouſand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them ſcoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,
With ſuch a front of infamy, the Duke
No ways deſires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wiſhes, but to give the Empire peace.
And ſo, becauſe the Emperor hates *this* peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we ſhould think ſo vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the queſtion here.
The affair ſpeaks for itſelf—and cleareſt proofs!
Hear me, my ſon—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we ſtand.
But little doſt thou know, or gueſs, what tricks,
What

What baſe intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employ'd—for this ſole end—to ſow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loos'd—
Loos'd all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the ſoldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawleſs he ſtands, and threat'ningly beleaguers
The ſtate he's bound to guard. To ſuch a height
'Tis ſwoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Ceaſe, ceaſe! thou tortur'ſt, ſhatter'ſt me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the falſe phantaſm brings a real miſery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantaſm. An inteſtine war,
Of all the moſt unnatural and cruel,
Will burſt out into flames, if inſtantly
We do not fly and ſtifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The ſubalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garriſons are vacillating.
To foreigners our ſtrong holds are entruſted;
To that ſuſpected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Sileſia given up: to Tertſky

Five regiments, foot and horſe—to Iſolani,
To Illo, Kinſky, Butler, the beſt troops.

MAX.

Likewiſe to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Becauſe the Duke
Believes he has ſecur'd us—means to lure us
Still further on by ſplendid promiſes.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I ſee the angel
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No! no!
I tell thee—no!

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpoſe think'ſt thou he has call'd us
Hither to Pilſen?—To avail himſelf
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and liſten to me.
To ſell ourſelves are we call'd hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hoſtages.
Therefore doth noble Galas ſtand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou would'ſt not have ſeen here,
If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.

MAX.

He makes no ſecret of it—needs make none—
That we're call'd hither for his ſake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himſelf—
He did ſo much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too ſhould do ſomewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

And know'ſt thou what it is which we muſt do?
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.
Bethink thyſelf—what haſt thou heard, what ſeen?
The counterfeited paper—the omiſſion
Of that particular clauſe, ſo full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. Theſe underhand
Traders in great mens' intereſts ever uſe
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They ſee the Duke at variance with the Court,
And fondly think to ſerve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Truſt me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
That I muſt daſh to earth, that I muſt ſhatter
A faith ſo ſpecious; but I may not ſpare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderneſs.
Thou muſt take meaſures, ſpeedy ones—muſt act.
I therefore will confeſs to thee, that all
Which I've entruſted to thee now—that all
Which ſeems to thee ſo unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—*(a pauſe)*—Max.! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

MAX. *(in exceſſive agitation)*
No!—no!—never!

OCTAVIO.
Himſelf confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before diſcover'd
By other means—himſelf confided to me,
That 'twas his ſettled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor——

MAX.
He is paſſionate.
The Court has ſtung him—he is ſore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himſelf? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.
Nay, in cold blood he did confeſs this to me;
And having conſtrued my aſtoniſhment
Into a ſcruple of his power, he ſhew'd me
His written evidences—ſhew'd me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promiſe of aidance, and defin'd th' amount.

MAX.
It cannot be!—can *not* be!—*can* not be!
Doſt thou not ſee, it cannot!
Thou wouldeſt of neceſſity have ſhewn him
Such horror, ſuch deep loathing—that or he
Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or
Thou ſtood'ſt not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.
I have laid open my objections to him,
Diſſuaded him with preſſing earneſtneſs;

But

But my *abhorrence*, the full ſentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have ſtill kept ſacred
To my own conſciouſneſs.

MAX.

And *thou* haſt been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I truſted not thy words, when thou didſt tell me
Evil of him; much leſs can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniateſt thy own ſelf.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thruſt myſelf into his ſecreſy.

MAX.

Uprightneſs merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of ſincerity.

MAX.

Diſſimulation, ſure, was ſtill leſs worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cauſe
To entertain a ſcruple of my honour?

MAX.

That he did not, evinc'd his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear ſon, it is not always poſſible
Still to preſerve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmoſt heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Againſt the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will ſometimes bear away her outward robes
Soil'd in the wreſtle with Iniquity.

This is the curſe of every evil deed,
That, propagating ſtill, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better ſoul with ſophiſms;
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Preſcribes my conduct to me. Deareſt boy,
Far better were it, doubtleſs, if we all
Obey'd the heart at all times; but ſo doing,
In this our preſent ſojourn with bad men,
We muſt abandon many an honeſt object.
'Tis now our call to ſerve the Emperor,
By what means he can beſt be ſerv'd—the heart
May whiſper what it will—this is our call!

MAX.

It ſeems a thing appointed, that to-day
I ſhould not comprehend, not underſtand thee.
The Duke, thou ſay'ſt, did honeſtly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpoſe;
And thou diſhoneſtly haſt cheated him
For a good purpoſe! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou ſtealeſt not from me—
Let me not loſe my father!

OCTAVIO. *(ſuppreſſing reſentment)*

As yet thou know'ſt not all, my ſon. I have
Yet ſomewhat to diſcloſe to thee.

(After a pauſe)

Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his ſtars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by ſurprize.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he graſps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.

We too have been in action—he but graſps
His evil fate, moſt evil, moſt myſterious!

MAX.

O nothing raſh, my ſire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

OCTAVIO.

With light tread ſtole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath Vengeance ſtole on after him.
Unſeen ſhe ſtands already, dark behind him—
But one ſtep more—he ſhudders in her graſp!
—Thou haſt ſeen Queſtenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'ſt but his oſtenſible commiſſion—
He brought with him a *private* one, my ſon!
And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO. *(ſeizes the patent.)*

Max!

(A pauſe.)

——In this diſcloſure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmoſt heart is Wallenſtein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earlieſt youth.
Thou nouriſheſt the *wiſh*—O let me ſtill
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nouriſheſt to knit thyſelf
Yet cloſer to him——

MAX.

Father——

OCTAVIO.

O my ſon!
I truſt thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally ſure of thy collectedneſs?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's preſence, when that I
Have truſted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According
As thou doſt truſt me, father, with his crime.

(Octavio takes a paper out of his eſcrutoire, and gives it to him.)

MAX.

What? how?—a full Imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. *(juſt glances on it)*

Duke Friedland ſentenc'd and condemn'd!

OCTAVIO.

Even ſo.

MAX. *(throws down the paper)*

O this is too much!—O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyſelf.

MAX. *(after he has read further, with a look of affright and aſtoniſhment on his father)*

How!—what!—Thou!—thou!

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

But for the preſent moment, till the King
Of Hungary may ſafely join the army,
Is the command aſſign'd to me.

MAX.

And think'ſt thou,
Doſt thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauſpicious office is enjoin'd thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty, in the middle of his hoſt,
Surrounded by his thouſands, him would'ſt thou
Diſarm—degrade! Thou art loſt, both thou and
all of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I ſtand. The Almighty
Will cover with his ſhield the Imperial houſe,
And ſhatter, in his wrath, the work of darkneſs.
The Emperor hath true ſervants ſtill; and, even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cauſe will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous
Are cloſely watch'd. I wait but the firſt ſtep,
And then immediately——

MAX.

What! on ſuſpicion?
Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll puniſh, not the wiſh.

The

The Duke hath yet his deſtiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treaſon uncompleted,
He will be ſilently diſplac'd from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal ſon.
An honourable exile to his caſtles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than puniſhment. But the firſt open ſtep——

MAX.

What call'ſt thou ſuch a ſtep? A wicked ſtep
Ne'er will he take; but thou might'ſt eaſily,
Yea, thou haſt done it, miſinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howſoever puniſhable were
Duke Friedland's purpoſes, yet ſtill the ſteps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild conſtruction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly uninforc'd
Till ſome act is committed which convicts him
Of an high-treaſon, without doubt or plea,
And that ſhall ſentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyſelf.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too ſoon, I fear, its powers muſt all be prov'd.
After the counter-promiſe of this evening,
It cannot be but he muſt deem himſelf

Secure

Secure of the majority with *us*;
And of the army's general ſentiment
He hath a pleaſing proof in that petition
Which thou deliver'ſt to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath chang'd his route, and travels by forc'd marches
To the Bohemian Foreſt. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm ſuſpicion,
This night a Swediſh nobleman arriv'd here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou haſt convinc'd me—me myſelf.

OCTAVIO.

Is it poſſible? Still, after all thou know'ſt,
Canſt thou believe ſtill in his innocence?

MAX. *(with enthuſiaſm)*

Thy judgment may miſtake: my heart can not.
(moderates his voice and manner)
Theſe reaſons might expound thy ſpirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the ſtars,
Even ſo doth he reſemble them in ſecret,
Wonderful, ſtill inexplicable courſes!
Truſt me, they do him wrong. All will be ſolv'd.
Theſe ſmokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and ſtormy cloud
Will brighten ſuddenly, and we ſhall view
The Unapproachable glide out in ſplendour.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. *as before. To them the Valet of the Chamber.*

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A diſpatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refus'd to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not tranſpire.

[*Exit Valet—the Cornet ſteps in.*

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general
Truſted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I ſpeak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My ſon knows all.

CORNET.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Seſina,

The old negociator,

OCTAVIO. *(eagerly)*

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Foreſt Captain Mohrbrand
Found and ſecur'd him yeſter morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenſpurg,
And on him were diſpatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the diſpatches——

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general
Sent them that inſtant to Vienna, and
The priſoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious caſket to us,
Encloſing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

CORNET.

I think, ſix packets, with Count Tertſky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Seſina?

CORNET.

He was ſorely frighten'd,
When it was told him he muſt to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confeſſion.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay ſick at Linz.

CORNET.

Theſe three days paſt
He's with my maſter, the Lieutenant-general,
At Frauemburg. Already have they ſixty
Small companies together, choſen men:
Reſpectfully they greet you with aſſurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.
And when muſt you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

(*Cornet ſignifies his aſſent and obeiſance, and is going.*)

OCTAVIO.

No one ſaw you—ha?

CORNET.

CORNET.

No living creature. Thro' the cloiſter wicket
The Capuchins, as uſual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, reſt your limbs, and keep yourſelf conceal'd.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I ſhall diſpatch you. The developement
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath ſet, the lot
That muſt decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[*Exit Cornet.*

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, ſon? All will ſoon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went thro' that Seſina.

MAX.

(*Who through the whole of the foregoing ſcene has been in a violent and viſible ſtruggle of feelings, at length ſtarts as one reſolved*)

I will procure me light a ſhorter way.
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. (*alarmed*)

What——

MAX. (*returning*)

If thou haſt believ'd that I ſhall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou haſt miſcalculated on me grievouſly.
My way muſt be ſtraight on. True with the tongue,
Falſe with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I ſuffer that a man ſhould truſt me—
As his friend truſt me—and then lull my conſcience
With ſuch low pleas as theſe:—"I aſk'd him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My *mouth* has never lied to him."—No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I muſt be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do ſave
His good name from the world, and with one ſtride
Break through and rend this fine-ſpun web of your's.
He can, he will!—*I* ſtill am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myſelf, but that thoſe letters
May furniſh you, perchance, with proofs againſt him.
How far may not this Tertſky have proceeded—
What may not he himſelf too have permitted
Himſelf to do, to ſnare the enemy,
The laws of war excuſing? Nothing, ſave
His own mouth ſhall convict him—nothing leſs!
And face to face will I go queſtion him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt?

MAX.

MAX.

I will, as ſure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

I have, indeed, miſcalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent ſon,
Who would have bleſt the hand beneficent
That pluck'd him back from the abyſs—and lo!
A faſcinated being I diſcover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom paſſion wilders,
Whom not the broadeſt light of noon can heal.
Go, queſtion him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpoſe of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My ſecret purpoſe even to this hour,
And laid to ſleep Suſpicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have liv'd to ſee that mine own ſon,
With frantic enterpriſe, annihilates
My toilſome labours and ſtate-policy.

MAX.

Aye—this ſtate-policy! O how I curſe it!
You will ſome time, with your ſtate-policy,
Compel him to the meaſure: it may happen,
Becauſe ye are *determin'd* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You cloſe up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his deſperation,
To ſet fire to his priſon.—Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!

And let it be decided as it may,
I ſee with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-ſtarr'd, unbleſt cataſtrophe.
For this great Monarch-ſpirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ſhip (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burſt
Explodes, and with itſelf ſhoots out its crew
In ſmoke and ruin betwixt ſea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fix'd and mortic'd to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I muſt bear me on in my own way.
All muſt remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it muſt be known
Which I muſt loſe—my father, or my friend.

(*During his exit the curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT

ACT IV.

Scene a Room fitted up for aſtrological Labours, and provided with celeſtial Charts, with Globes, Teleſcopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Inſtruments.—Seven Coloſſal Figures, repreſenting the Planets, each with a tranſparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, ſtand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, ſo that Mars and Saturn are neareſt the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Diſpoſition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There muſt be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occaſions.

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it muſt be dropped; but, in the Seventh Scene, it muſt be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Aſtrologicum is deſcribed with Chalk.* SENI *is taking Obſervations through a Window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.

We muſt give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highneſs muſt permit me
Juſt to contemplate Venus. She's now riſing:
Like as a ſun, ſo ſhines ſhe in the eaſt.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at preſent in her perigee,
And ſhoots down now her ſtrongeſt influences.
(Contemplating the figure on the table.)
Auſpicious aſpect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two ſtars of bleſſing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* ſervice that old miſchief-founder:
For long he view'd me hoſtilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my ſtars, diſturbing
Their bleſſed influences and ſweet aſpects.
Now they have conquer'd the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a priſoner to me.

SENI. *(who has come down from the window)*

And in a corner houſe, your Highneſs—think of that!
That makes each influence of double ſtrength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And ſun and moon, too, in the Sextile aſpect,
The ſoft light with the veh'ment—ſo I love it.

SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven.
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerleſs, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by:
Lord of the ſecret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eſchew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
For Jupiter, the luſtrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now muſt we haſten on to action, ere
The ſcheme, and moſt auſpicious poſiture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey ſtill, and ſojourn not.

(There are knocks at the door)

There's ſome one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY. *(from without)*

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Aye—'tis Tertſky.
What is there of ſuch urgence? We are buſy.

TERTSKY. *(from without)*

Lay all aſide at preſent, I entreat you.
It ſuffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

(While Seni opens the door for Tertſky, Wallenſtein draws the curtain over the figures.

TERTSKY. *(enters)*

Haſt thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has giv'n him up to the Emperor.

[Seni draws off the black table, and exit.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN. COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. *(to Tertſky)*

Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

TERTSKY.

The man who knows our ſecrets, who knows every
Negociation with the Swede and Saxon,
Thro' whoſe hands all and every thing has paſs'd—

WALLENSTEIN. *(drawing back)*

Nay, not Seſina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regenſpurg to the Swede
He was plung'd down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambuſh, lurking for him.
There muſt have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinſky, to Oxenſtirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an inſight
Into the whole—our meaſures, and our motives.

SCENE

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO. (*to Tertſky*)
Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.
He has heard it.

ILLO. (*to Wallenſtein*)
Think'ſt thou ſtill
To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wiſh
To abandon all thy plans, yet ſtill they know
What thou haſt wiſh'd; then forwards thou muſt preſs;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERTSKY.
They have documents againſt us, and in hands,
Which ſhew beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.
Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee
I puniſh for thy lies.

ILLO.
And thou believ'ſt
That what this man, that what thy ſiſter's huſband,
Did in thy name, will not ſtand on thy reck'ning?
His word muſt paſs for thy word with the Swede,
And not with thoſe that hate thee at Vienna.

TERTSKY.
In writing thou gav'ſt nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'ſt by word of mouth

With this Seſina? And will he be ſilent?
If he can ſave himſelf by yielding up
Thy ſecret purpoſes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyſelf doſt not conceive it poſſible;
And ſince they now have evidence authentic
How far thou haſt already gone, ſpeak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? Thou canſt no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of reſcue
Thou'rt loſt, if thou reſign'ſt it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army
Lies my ſecurity. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they muſt gulp it down—
And ſubſtitute I caution for my fealty,
They muſt be ſatisfied, at leaſt appear ſo.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the flow,
The quiet power of time. From open vi'lence
The attachment of thy ſoldiery ſecures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'ſt thou them a reſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now doſt feel ſo firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a curſed accident!

ILLO.

ILLO.

O I will call it a moſt bleſſed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to deciſion—
The Swediſh General——

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arriv'd!—Know'ſt thou
What his commiſſion is——

ILLO.

To thee alone
Will he entruſt the purpoſe of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A curſed, curſed accident!—Yes, yes,
Seſina knows too much, and won't be ſilent.

TERTSKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he ſave himſelf
At thy coſt, think you he will ſcruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will *he*, that daſtardling, have ſtrength enough—

WALLENSTEIN. (*loſt in thought*)

Their confidence is loſt—irreparably!
And I may act what way I will, I ſhall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How ſincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakneſs will be deem'd the ſole occaſion—

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN. *(pacing up and down in extreme agitation)*

What! I muſt realize it now in earneſt,
Becauſe I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accurſed he who dallies with a devil!
And muſt I—I *muſt* realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it *muſt* take place?

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

WALLENSTEIN. *(looking at the paper of ſignatures)*

I have the General's words—a written promiſe!
Max. Piccolomini ſtands not here—how's that?

TERTSKY.

It was——he fancied——

ILLO.

Mere ſelf-willedneſs.
There needed no ſuch thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right—there needeth no ſuch thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have ſent me in a paper of remonſtrance,
And openly reſiſt the Imperial orders.
The firſt ſtep to revolt 's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more eaſy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to ſay to me.

ILLO.

ILLO. (*eagerly to Tertſky.*)

Go, call him!

He ſtands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by ſurprize,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordſhip, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

Firſt hear him only,
And after weigh it.

[*Exeunt Tertſky and Illo.*

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in ſoliloquy.*)

Is it poſſible?
Is't ſo? I *can* no longer what I *would?*
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Muſt *do* the deed, becauſe I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Becauſe
I did not ſcowl temptation from my preſence,
Dallied with thoughts of poſſible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the acceſs open?
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My ſerious meaning, it was ne'er reſolve.
I but amus'd myſelf with thinking of it.

The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy miniſter to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantaſtic ſceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty cloſe beſide me—but
One little ſtep, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been tranſported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, inſurmountable,
Riſes obedient to the ſpells I mutter'd
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
(*Pauſes and remains in deep thought.*)
A puniſhable man I ſeem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witneſs on my proſecutor's party,
And even my pureſt acts from pureſt motives
Suſpicion poiſons with malicious gloſs.
Were I that thing, for which I paſs, that traitor,
A goodly outſide I had ſure reſerv'd,
Had drawn the cov'rings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conſcious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my paſſion:
Bold were my words, becauſe my deeds were *not*.
Now every planleſs meaſure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,

And

And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treaſon; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er abſent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing ſtep, each ſtep a politic progreſs;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So ſpecious, that I muſt myſelf ſtand *dumb*.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a ſudden *rent* can liberate me.
(*Pauſes again.*)
How elſe! ſince that the heart's unbias'd inſtinct
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
Neceſſity, ſelf-preſervation, *orders*.
Stern is the On-look of neceſſity,
Not without ſhudder may a human hand
Graſp the myſterious urn of deſtiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my boſom,
Once ſuffer'd to eſcape from it's ſafe corner
Within the heart, it's nurſery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to thoſe fly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.
(*Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauſes, and, after the pauſe, breaks out again into audible ſoliloquy.*)
What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?
Haſt honeſtly confeſs'd it to thyſelf?
Power ſeated on a quiet throne thou'dſt ſhake,
Power on an ancient conſecrated throne,
Strong in poſſeſſion, founded in old cuſtom;
Power by a thouſand tough and ſtringy roots
Fix'd

Fix'd to the people's pious nurſery-faith.
This, this will be no ſtrife of ſtrength with ſtrength.
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himſelf of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe inviſible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart oppoſes me,
By it's coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, inſtinct with pow'r,
Makes known it's preſent being, that is not
The true, the periloufly formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yeſterday,
What ever was, and ever more returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas ſterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And cuſtom is his nurſe! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
Houſe furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time conſecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Be in poſſeſſion, and thou haſt the right,
And ſacred will the many guard it for thee!

(*To the Page, who here enters.*)

The Swediſh officer?—Well, let him enter.

(*The Page exit, Wallenſtein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*)

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threſhold yet—ſo ſlender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN. *(after having fixed a ſearching look on him,)*
Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL,
Guſtave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.
It was a Wrangel
Who injur'd me materially at Stralſund,
And by his brave reſiſtance was the cauſe
Of th' oppoſition which that ſea-port made.

WRANGEL.
It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did aſſert his freedom,
The ſea and land, it ſeem'd, were not to ſerve
One and the ſame.

WALLENSTEIN. (*makes the motion for him to take a ſeat, and ſeats himſelf.*)
And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.
There are ſo many ſcruples yet to ſolve——

WALLENSTEIN. *(having read the credentials.)*
An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent
Intelligent

Intelligent maſter, whom you ſerve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He ſays the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
Did ever deem moſt highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent ſenſe and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He ſaid, ſhould have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he *might* ſay it ſafely.—General Wrangel,
(*Taking his hand affectionately.*)
Come, fair and open.—Truſt me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Sileſia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always ſlip out by ſome back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this preſent ſtep: and ſince
Our intereſts ſo run in one direction,
E'n let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come
Has each but only firſt ſecurity.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor ſtill, I ſee, does not quite truſt me,
And, I confeſs—the game does not lie wholly
To my advantage.—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play falſe with the Emperor,

Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
With th' enemy, and that *the one* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermoſt.
I can no longer honourably ſerve him.
For my ſecurity, in ſelf-defence,
I take this hard ſtep, which my conſcience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forc'd to it.

(*After a pauſe.*)

What may have impelled
Your princely Highneſs in this wiſe to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beſeems not us to expound or criticize.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cauſe.
With his good ſword and conſcience. This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without queſtioning;
And if all have its due and juſt proportions——

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledg'd me to the Chancellor,
Would he truſt *me* with ſixteen thouſand men,

That I would inſtantly go over to them
With eighteen thouſand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a ſecond Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talk'd of ſtill with freſh aſtoniſhment,
How ſome years paſt, beyond all human faith,
You called an army forth, like a creation:
But yet———

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But ſtill the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an eaſier thing from nothing
To call forth ſixty thouſand men of battle,
Than to perſuade one ſixtieth part of them—

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks *ſo?*—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Proteſtant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are int'reſted
About the cauſe; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deſerts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time.—We've no ſuch fancies.

WRANGEL.

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No houſe and home, no fire-ſide, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it ſtands—
The Auſtrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cauſe to love it—but this army,
That calls itſelf th' Imperial, this that houſes
Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
This is an outcaſt of all foreign lands,
Unclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing, except the univerſal ſun.

WRANGEL.

But then the Nobles and the Officers?
Such a deſertion, ſuch a felony,
It is without example, my Lord Duke,
In the world's hiſtory.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine—
Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
Not me, your own eyes you may truſt.

[*He gives him the paper containing the written oath. Wrangel reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining ſilent.*]

So then?
Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend, who can!
My Lord Duke! I will let the maſk drop—yes!

I've full powers for a final ſettlement.
The Rhinegrave ſtands but four days march from here,
With fifteen thouſand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Thoſe orders *I* give out, immediately
We're compromis'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What aſks the Chancellor?

WRANGEL. (*conſiderately.*)

Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at laſt
Only falſe play——

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſtarting.*)

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL. (*calmly proceeding.*)

Am therefore forc'd
T' inſiſt thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
Elſe not a Swede is truſted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open! What is the demand?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith diſarm the Spaniſh reg'ments
Attach'd to th' Emperor, that he ſeize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The ſtrong paſs Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—
'Twon't do.

I give

I give you every ſecurity
Which you may aſk of me in common reaſon—
But Prague—Bohemia—theſe, Sir General,
I can myſelf protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.
But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our ſole concern. We want ſecurity,
That we ſhall not expend our men and money
All to no purpoſe.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reaſonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, ſo long
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then truſt you us ſo little?

WRANGEL. (*riſing.*)

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Muſt keep a ſharp look-out. We have been call'd
Over the Baltic, we have ſav'd the empire
From ruin—with our beſt blood have we ſeal'd
The liberty of faith, and goſpel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.——
Ye look aſkance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain ſend us, with ſome paltry ſum
Of money, home again to our old forefts.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was

For Judas pay, for chinking gold and ſilver,
That we did leave our King by the * Great Stone.
No, not for gold and ſilver have there bled
So many of our Swediſh Nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoiſt ſail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the ſoil, the which
Our Monarch conquer'd for himſelf, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land muſt needs be your's.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquiſh'd,
Who knits together our new friendſhip then?
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
Secret negociations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
The ſacrifices in thoſe articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN. (*riſes.*)

Think you of ſomething better, Guſtave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commiſſion ends.

* A great ſtone near Lützen, ſince called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he loſt his life.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and ſtep
Back to my Emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits———

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer ſince Seſina's been a priſoner.
(*Wallenſtein is ſtruck, and ſilenced.*)
My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At preſent do mean honourably by us.
Since *yeſterday* we're ſure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague ſhall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himſelf with Albſtadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratſchin and the narrow ſide,
But Egra, above all, muſt open to us,
E're we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,
You therefore muſt I truſt, and you not me?
I will conſider of your propoſition.

WRANGEL.

I muſt entreat, that your conſideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negociation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the ſecond year. If nothing

Is ſettled this time, will the Chancellor
Conſider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye preſs me hard. A meaſure, ſuch as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,
That ſudden action only can procure it
Succeſs—think firſt of this, your Highneſs.

[*Exit Wrangel.*

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, *and* ILLO (*re-enter.*)

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromis'd?

ILLO.

This Swede
Went ſmiling from you. Yes! you're compromis'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing ſettled: and (well weigh'd)
I feel myſelf inclin'd to leave it ſo.

TERTSKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good!

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke?

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of theſe Swedes!
Of theſe proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.

ILLO.

Goeſt thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bring'ſt thou not more to them than thou receiv'ſt?

SCENE VII.

To theſe enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who ſent for you? There is no buſineſs here
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Uſe thy authority, Tertſky, bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that deſtroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreaſoning ſex.

COUNTESS.

I had already
Giv'n the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſarcaſtically.*)

They have one,
In conſequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others.*)

Ha! what new ſcruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He *will not* what he *muſt!*

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am ſilenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conſcience,
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all
Lay in the far off diſtance, when the road
Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadſt thou courage and reſolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,

The

The purpoſe ripe, the iſſue aſcertained,
Doſt thou begin to play the daſtard now?
Plann'd merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accompliſh'd, an immortal undertaking;
And with ſucceſs comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS. (*haſtily.*)

—Muſt wait,

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot ſee him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience,
Of the moſt urgent nature is his buſineſs.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

COUNTESS. (*laughs.*)

Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou may'ſt wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou ſhalt be inform'd hereafter.
Firſt let the Swede and thee be compromiſed.

[*Exit* Servant.

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice; if yet ſome milder
Way of eſcape were poſſible—I ſtill
Will chuſe it, and avoid the laſt extreme.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attaint him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young King will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,

Create

Creates himſelf a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth ſtricteſt ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himſelf,
And gives himſelf no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his laſt dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is, as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath rais'd
To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favour,
With which an undiſtinguiſhable eaſe
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in extreme agitation.*)
Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.
Art thou in earneſt? I entreat thee! Can'ſt thou
Conſent to bear thyſelf to thy own grave,
So ignominiouſly to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated ſuch an height,
To end in ſuch a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That aſks no ſtretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been—

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſtarts up in violent agitation.*)
Shew me a way out of this ſtifling crowd,
Ye Powers of Aidance! Shew me ſuch a way
As *I* am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I can not warm by thinking; cannot ſay
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimouſly: "Go! I need thee not."
Ceaſe I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor ſacrifices will I ſhun,
If ſo I may avoid the laſt extreme;
But ere I ſink down into nothingneſs,
Leave off ſo little, who begun ſo great,
Ere that the world confuſes me with thoſe
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and * after-ages ſpeak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accurſed deed!

COUNTESS.
What is there here, then,
So againſt nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superſtition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright ſpirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorr'd accurſed poinard,

* Could I have hazarded ſuch a Germaniſm, as the uſe of the word after-world, for poſterity.—"Es ſpreche Welt und *Nach-welt* meinen Nahmen"—might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world ſpeak out my name, &c.

To

To violate the breaſts that nouriſh'd thee?
That *were* againſt our nature, that might aptly
* Make thy fleſh ſhudder, and thy whole heart ſicken.
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object
Have ventur'd even this, ay, and perform'd it.
What is there in thy caſe ſo black and monſtrous?
Thou art accus'd of treaſon—whether with
Or without juſtice is not now the queſtion—
Thou art loſt if thou doſt not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou poſſeſſeſt.—Friedland!
Duke!
Tell me, where lives that thing ſo meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preſervation of his life?
What deed ſo daring, which neceſſity
And deſperation will not ſanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand ſo gracious to me:
He lov'd me; he eſteem'd me; I was plac'd
The neareſt to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banqueted together. He and I—
And the young kings themſelves held me the baſon
Where with to waſh me—and is't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preſerv'ſt thou each ſmall favour,
And haſt no memory for contumelies?

* I have not ventured to affront the faſtidious delicacy of our age with a literal tranſlation of this line.

" werth
" Die Eingeweide ſchaudernd aufzuregen."

Muſt

Muſt I remind thee, how at Regenſpurg
This man repaid thy faithful ſervices?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadſt wrong'd, to make him great,—hadſt loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curſe of the whole world.
No friend exiſted for thee in all Germany,
And why? becauſe thou hadſt exiſted only
For th' Emperor. To th' Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that ſtorm which gather'd round him
At Regenſpurg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that inſolent!
Depos'd, ſtript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obſcurity.—
Say not, the reſtoration of thy honour
Has made atonement for that firſt injuſtice.
No honeſt good-will was it that replac'd thee,
The law of hard neceſſity replac'd thee,
Which they had fain oppos'd, but that they could not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wiſhes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuſe it,
I ſhall therein abuſe no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
Neceſſity, impetuous remonſtrant!

Who

Who not with empty names, or ſhews of proxy,
Is ſerv'd, who'll have the thing and not the ſymbol,
Ever ſeeks out the greateſt and the beſt,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forc'd to take him from the rabble—
She, this Neceſſity, it was that plac'd thee
In this high office, it was ſhe that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermoſt moment that they can,
This race ſtill help themſelves at cheapeſt rate
With ſlaviſh ſouls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the ſpirit giant-born,
Who liſtens only to himſelf, knows nothing
Of ſtipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like th' emancipated force of fire,
Unmaſter'd ſcorches, ere it it reaches them,
Their fine-ſpun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they ſaw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-graſping habit of my ſoul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou haſt ever ſhewn thyſelf
A formidable man, without reſtraint;
Haſt exercis'd the full prerogatives

Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who haſt ſtill remain'd conſiſtent with thyſelf,
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Entruſted ſuch a power in hands, they fear'd.
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in ſtrict conſiſtence with itſelf.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago purſuedſt thy march with fire
And ſword, and deſolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the univerſal ſcourge,
Didſt mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of ſtrength alone exertedſt,
Trampledſt to earth each rank, each magiſtracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conſcience,
What ſerv'd him pleas'd him, and without a murmur
He ſtamp'd his broad ſeal on theſe lawleſs deeds.
What at that time was right, becauſe thou didſt it
For him, to day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, becauſe it is directed
Againſt him.—O moſt flimſy ſuperſtition!

WALLENSTEIN. *(riſing)*

I never ſaw it in this light before.
'Tis even ſo. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds moſt unorderly.

And

And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were ſervices to him,
But moſt high miſdemeanours 'gainſt the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confeſs it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and th' opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with ſwift ſteeds; then with a ſwing
Throw thyſelf up into the chariot ſeat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himſelf make conqueſt
Of the now empty ſeat. The moment comes,
It is already here, when thou muſt write
The abſolute total of thy life's vaſt ſum.
The conſtellations ſtand victorious o'er thee,
The planets ſhoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The ſtarry courſes
Haſt thou thy life-long meaſur'd to no purpoſe?
The quadrant and the circle, were they play things?
(pointing to the different objects in the room)
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Haſt pictur'd on theſe walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding ſymbols haſt thou plac'd
Theſe ſeven preſiding Lords of deſtiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyſelf it doth avail
Nothing, and has no influence over thee

In the great moment of deciſion?——

WALLENSTEIN. *(during this laſt ſpeech walks up and down with inward ſtruggles, labouring with paſſions; ſtops ſuddenly, ſtands ſtill, then interrupting the Counteſs,)*

Send Wrangel to me—I will inſtantly
Diſpatch three couriers——

ILLO. *(hurrying out)*

God in heaven be prais'd!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is *his* evil genius and *mine.*
Our evil genius! It chaſtiſes *him*
Through me, the inſtrument of his ambition;
And I expect no leſs, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breaſt the poniard.
Who ſows the ſerpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harveſt. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark Miſgiving,
An ominous Sinking at the inmoſt heart.
He can no longer truſt me.—Then no longer
Can I retreat—ſo come that which muſt come.—
Still deſtiny preſerves its due relations,
The heart within us is its abſolute
Vicegerent.

(to Tertſky)

Go, conduct you Guſtave Wrangel
To my ſtate-cabinet.—Myſelf will ſpeak to
The couriers.—And diſpatch immediately
A ſervant for Octavio Piccolomini.

(to

(to the Countefs, who cannot conceal her triumph)
No exultation!—woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Deftiny.
Joy premature, and Shouts ere victory,
Incroach upon their rights and privileges.
We ſow the ſeed, and they the growth determine.
[*While he is making his exit, the curtain drops.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene, as in the preceding Act.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN. (*coming forward in converſation.*)
He ſends me word from Linz, that he lies ſick;
But I have ſure intelligence, that he
Secretes himſelf at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and ſend them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'ſt on thee the command
Of thoſe ſame Spaniſh regiments,—conſtantly
Make preparation, and be never ready;
And if they urge thee to draw out againſt me,
Still anſwer YES, and ſtand as thou wert fetter'd.
I know, that it is doing thee a ſervice
To keep thee out of action in this buſineſs.
Thou lov'ſt to linger on in fair appearances;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I ſought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of moſt ſervice to me
By thy inertneſs. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itſelf on my ſide, thou wilt know
What is to do.

(*Enter*

(*Enter* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.)

Now go, Octavio.
This night muſt thou be off, take my own horſes:
Him here I keep with me—make ſhort farewell—
Truſt me, I think we all ſhall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO. (*to his ſon.*)

I ſhall ſee you
Yet e'er I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him.*)

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if
Thou ſtyl'ſt thyſelf the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounc'd the ſervice of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I
To bind it nearer ſtill and faſter to me.
(*He ſeats himſelf.*)
Yes, Max, I have delay'd to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to ſtrike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth ſeize eaſily
The abſolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exerciſe the ſingle apprehenſion
Where the ſums ſquare in proof;
But where it happens, that of two ſure evils
One muſt be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itſelf back from out the ſtrife of duties,
There 'tis a bleſſing to have no election,
And blank neceſſity is grace and favour.
—This is now preſent: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! judge not! prepare thyſelf to act!
The Court—it hath determin'd on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

(*He ſtops himſelf, expecting Piccolomini's anſwer.*)

I have ta'en thee by ſurpriſe. Anſwer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyſelf.

(*He riſes, and retires at the back of the ſtage.* MAX. *remains for a long time motionleſs, in a trance of exceſſive anguiſh. At his firſt motion Wallenſtein returns, and places himſelf before him.*)

MAX.

My General, this day thou makeſt me
Of age, to ſpeak in my own right and perſon,
For till this day I have been ſpared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd

With

With moſt implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.
To day, for the firſt time, doſt thou refer
Me to myſelf, and forceſt me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day;
Thy duties thou couldſt exerciſe in ſport,
Indulge all lovely inſtincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties ſtrive with duties.
Thou muſt needs chuſe thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's peſtilence,
Yet it is good, is it heaven s will as that is.
Is that a good war, which againſt the Emperor
Thou wageſt with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beſeems it me to offer ſuch perſuaſion
To thee, who like the fix'd ſtar of the pole
Wert all, I gaz'd at, on life's trackleſs ocean?
O! what a rent thou makeſt in my heart!
The ingrained inſtinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Muſt I pluck live aſunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—

It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenſtein, its power is not departed:
The ſenſes ſtill are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the ſoul hath freed itſelf.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max, hear me.

MAX.

O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble ſoul within thee,
Knows not of this unbleſt, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaſte, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itſelf be driv'n away
From that world-awing aſpect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canſt not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to diſloyalty
Againſt the nobleneſs of their own nature.
'Twill juſtify the vulgar miſbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And truſts itſelf to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me ſternly, I expect it.
Already have I ſaid to my own ſelf
All thou canſt ſay to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I muſt uſe
Or ſuffer violence—ſo ſtands the caſe,
There remains nothing poſſible but that.

MAX.

MAX.

O that is never poſſible for thee!
'Tis the laſt deſperate reſource of thoſe
Cheap ſouls, to whom their honor, their good name
Is their poor *ſaving*, their laſt worthleſs *Keep*,
Which having ſtak'd and loſt, they ſtake themſelves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canſt make conqueſt of whate'er ſeems higheſt!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN. *(graſps his hand)*
Calmly, Max!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis ſoon
Forgotten, Max, by what road we aſcended.
Believe me, many a crown ſhines ſpotleſs now,
That yet was deeply ſullied in the winning.
To the evil ſpirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are univerſal bleſſings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreſhes,
But never yet was man enrich'd by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be ſtruggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, deprav'd in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and bleſſed ſun-light.
Not without ſacrifices are they render'd

Propitious, and there lives no ſoul on earth
That e'er retir'd unſullied from their ſervice.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And ſtriving ſpirit readily I pardon
Th' exceſs of action; but to thee, my general!
Above *all* others make I large conceſſion.
For thou muſt move a world, and be the maſter—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy poſt
By violence. Reſiſt the Emperor,
And if it muſt be, force with force repel:
I will not praiſe it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is ſpoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere exceſs! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly diff'rent,
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

(Wallenſtein betrays a ſudden agitation.)

Thou canſt not hear it *nam'd*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canſt,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall ſee thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou know'ſt not what has happén'd.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were gone ſo far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou ſtood'ſt.
Loſe the command. Go from the ſtage of war.
Thou canſt with ſplendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou haſt liv'd much for others.
At length live thou for thy own ſelf. I follow thee.
My deſtiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art loſing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-ſtones
Left faſt behind by my poſt couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

(*Max. ſtands as convuls'd, with a geſture and countenance expreſſing the moſt intenſe anguiſh.*)

Yield thyſelf to it. We act as we are forc'd.
I cannot give aſſent to my own ſhame
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canſt not forſake me!
So let us do, what muſt be done, with dignity,
With a firm ſtep. What am I doing worſe
Than did fam'd Cæſar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led againſt his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Had he thrown down the ſword, he had been loſt,

As

As I were, if I but diſarm'd myſelf.
I trace out ſomething in me of his ſpirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

(*Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenſtein, ſtartled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is ſtill in this poſture when Tertſky enters.*)

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini juſt left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In ſuch a hurry?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had ſwallow'd him.
He had ſcarce left thee, when I went to ſeek him.
I wiſh'd ſome words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himſelf;
A human creature could not ſo at once
Have vaniſh'd.

ILLO. *(enters)*

Is it true that thou wilt ſend
Octavio?

TERTSKY.

How, Octavio! Whither ſend him?

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spaniſh and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No!—
Nay, Heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.

And why ſhould Heaven forbid?

ILLO.

Him!—that deceiver! Would'ſt thou truſt to him
The ſoldiery? Him wilt thou let ſlip from thee,
Now, in the very inſtant that decides us——

TERTSKY.

Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimſical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why ſhould I not truſt him only this time,
Who have always truſted him? What, then, has
happen'd,
That I ſhould loſe my good opinion of him?
In complaiſance to your whims, not my own,
I muſt,

I muſt, forſooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having truſted him
E'en 'till to-day, to-day too will I truſt him.

TERTSKY.

Muſt it be he—he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It muſt be he, whom I myſelf have choſen;
He is well fitted for the buſineſs. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Becauſe he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the buſineſs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor ſire nor ſon—
Becauſe that I eſteem them, love them—viſibly
Eſteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealouſies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worſe to *me* becauſe you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Queſtenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happen'd with my knowledge and permiſſion.

ILLO.

I know that ſecret meſſengers came to him
From Galas——

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind
With thy deep-ſeeing eyes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not ſhake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itſelf
On the profoundeſt ſcience. If 'tis falſe,
Then the whole ſcience of the ſtars is falſe.
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itſelf,
That he is the moſt faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Haſt thou a pledge, that this pledge is not falſe?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exiſt moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's cuſtom, and poſſeſſes freely
The power of queſtioning his deſtiny:
And ſuch a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning againſt a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, paſt and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in proceſſion,
And to the deſtiny of the next morning
The ſpirit, fill'd with anxious preſentiment,
Did knit the moſt remov'd futurity.
Then ſaid I alſo to myſelf, "So many
Doſt thou command. They follow all thy ſtars,
And as on ſome great number ſet their All

Upon thy ſingle head, and only man
The veſſel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Deſtiny ſhall once more ſcatter
All theſe in many a ſeveral direction:
Few be they who will ſtand out faithful to thee."
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfulleſt
Of all, this camp include. Great Deſtiny,
Give me a ſign! And he ſhall be the man,
Who, on th' approaching morning, comes the firſt
To meet me with ſome token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a ſlumber.
Then midmoſt in the battle was I led
In ſpirit. Great the preſſure and the tumult!
Then was my horſe kill'd under me: I ſank;
And over me away, all unconcernedly,
Drove horſe and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then ſeiz'd me ſuddenly a ſaviour arm.
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once.
'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* ſtood before me.
" My brother," ſaid he, " do not ride to-day
" The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the
" horſe
" Which I have choſen for thee. Do it, brother!
" In love to me. A ſtrong dream warn'd me ſo."
It was the ſwiftneſs of this horſe that ſnatch'd me
From the hot purſuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My couſin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more ſaw I or horſe or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN. *(ſignificantly)*

There's no ſuch thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis ſign'd and ſeal'd that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more.
(*He is retiring.*)

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hoſtage.

ILLO.

And he ſhall never ſtir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſtops, and turns himſelf round*)

Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their firſt word, altho'
One had been talking reaſon by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly mov'd.
The inner world, his microcoſmus, is
The deep ſhaft, out of which they ſpring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphoſe them.
Have I the human *kernel* firſt examin'd?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

Scene a Chamber in Piccolomini's Dwelling-Houſe.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering.*

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO. (*with an air of myſtery*)
But, firſt, a word with you, Count Iſolani.

ISOLANI. (*aſſuming the ſame air of myſtery*)
Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.
That may happen.

ISOLANI.
Noble brother, I am
Not one of thoſe men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action ſkulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
Gods knows it is ſo; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.
That will be ſeen hereafter.

ISOLANI.
Be on your guard.
All think not as I think; and there are many
Who ſtill hold with the Court—yes, and they ſay
That thoſe ſtol'n ſignatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.
I am rejoic'd to hear it.

ISOLANI.
You rejoice!

OCTAVIO.
That the Emperor has yet ſuch gallant ſervants
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no ſuch worthleſs fellows, I aſſure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am aſſur'd already. God forbid
That I ſhould jeſt!—In very ſerious earneſt
I am rejoic'd to ſee an honeſt cauſe
So ſtrong.

ISOLANI.

The devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be call'd the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.

ISOLANI. (*with an air of defiance*)

That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is plac'd
To put that queſtion to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may inſtruct you.

ISOLANI. (*ſtammering*)

Why—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand
and ſeal! (*Reads.*)
" Whereas the officers collectively
" Throughout our army will obey the orders
" Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini,
" As from ourſelves."——*Hem!*—Yes! ſo!—
Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you ſubmit you to the order?

ISOLANI.

I——

But you have taken me ſo by ſurprize—
Time for reflection one *muſt* have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the caſe is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and ſimple.
You muſt declare you, whether you determine
To act a treaſon 'gainſt your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will ſerve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treaſon!—My God!—But who talks then of treaſon?

OCTAVIO.

That is the caſe. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to th' Emperor?
Sell yourſelf to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye ſay,
To his Imperial Majeſty?
Did I ſay ſo?—When, when have I ſaid that?

OCTAVIO,

OCTAVIO.

You have not ſaid it yet—not yet. This inſtant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* ſay it.

ISOLANI.

Aye! that delights me now, that you yourſelf
Bear witneſs for me that I never ſaid ſo.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning
Treaſon—why, treaſon breaks all bonds aſunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determin'd, too, to fight againſt him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me ſervice—but if he's a villain,
Perdition ſeize him!—All ſcores are rubb'd off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoic'd that you're ſo well diſpos'd.
This night break off in th' utmoſt ſecreſy
With all the light-arm'd troops—it muſt appear
As came the order from the Duke himſelf.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It ſhall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well-diſpos'd you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit Iſolani. A Servant enters.*

What, Colonel Butler!—Shew him up.

ISOLANI. *(returning)*

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine—you know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, Lieutenant General.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honor'd friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO. (*after both have ſeated themſelves.*)

You have not
Return'd the advances which I made you yeſterday—
Miſunderſtood them, as mere empty forms.
That wiſh proceeded from my heart—I was
In earneſt with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honeſt ſhould unite moſt cloſely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honeſt men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with thoſe acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind miſunderſtandings often thruſts
The very beſt of us from the right track.
You came thro' Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were loſt on *me*.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me ſorely
To hear it: for his counſel was moſt wiſe.
I had myſelf the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare
Yourſelf the trouble—me th' embarraſſment,
To have deſerv'd ſo ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters ſtand here. Wallenſtein
Meditates treaſon—I can tell you further—
He has committed treaſon; but few hours
Have paſt, ſince he a covenant concluded
With th' enemy. The meſſengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To th' enemy. But he deceives himſelf;
For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has ſtill
Many and faithful friends here, and they ſtand
In cloſeſt union, mighty tho' unſeen.
This manifeſto ſentences the Duke—
Recals the obedience of the army from him,
And ſummons all the loyal, all the honeſt,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Chooſe—will you ſhare with us an honeſt cauſe?
Or with the evil ſhare an evil lot.

BUTLER. (*riſes.*)

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your laſt reſolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breaſt
That raſhly utter'd word remains interr'd.
Recal it, Butler! chuſe a better party.
You have not choſen the right one.

BUTLER. *(going.)*

Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant General?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs! Recal that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What would you draw this good and gallant ſword
In ſuch a cauſe? Into a curſe would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd
By forty years' fidelity from Auſtria?

BUTLER. *(laughing with bitterneſs.)*

Gratitude from the houſe of Auſtria.

(he is going.)

OCTAVIO. *(permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him.)*

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wiſh you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO. *(coldly,)*

The title that you wiſh'd I mean.

BUTLER. *(ſtarts in ſudden paſſion.)*

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO. *(coldly.)*

You petition'd for it—
And your petition was repell'd—Was it ſo?

BUTLER.

BUTLER.

Your inſolent ſcoff ſhall not go by unpuniſh'd.
Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your ſword to 'ts ſheath! and tell me calmly
How all that happen'd. I will not refuſe you
Your ſatisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakneſs
For which I never can forgive myſelf.
Lieutenant General! Yes—I have ambition.
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It ſtung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myſelf
Be tempted to that meaſure—It was folly!
But yet ſo hard a penance it deſerv'd not.
It might have been refus'd; but wherefore barb
And venom the refuſal with contempt?
Why daſh to earth and cruſh with heavieſt ſcorn
The grey-hair'd man, the faithful Veteran?
Why to the baſeneſs of his parentage
Refer him with ſuch cruel roughneſs, only
Becauſe he had a weak hour and forgot himſelf?
But nature gives a ſting e'en to the worm
Which wanton Power treads on in ſport and inſult.

OCTAVIO.

You muſt have been calumniated. Gueſs you
The enemy, who did you this ill ſervice?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a moſt low-hearted ſcoundrel,
Some vile court-minion muſt it be, ſome Spaniard,
Some young ſquire of ſome ancient family,
In whoſe light I may ſtand, ſome envious knave,
Stung to his ſoul by my fair ſelf-earn'd honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! Did the Duke approve that meaſure?

BUTLER.

Himſelf impell'd me to it, uſed his intereſt
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendſhip.

OCTAVIO.

Ay? Are you ſure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And ſo did I—but the contents were different.

(Butler is ſuddenly ſtruck)

By chance I'm in poſſeſſion of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

(he gives him the letter)

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you,
The Duke, you ſay, impell'd you to this meaſure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counſels the Miniſter

To

To give ſound chaſtiſement to your conceit,
For ſo he calls it.

(*Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he ſeizes a chair, and ſinks down in it.*)

You have no enemy, no perſecutor;
There's no one wiſhes ill to you. Aſcribe
The inſult you receiv'd to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wiſh'd
To tear you from your Emperor—he hop'd
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinc'd him)
He n'er could dare expect from your calm reaſon.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Uſe you, as means of moſt abandon'd ends.
He has gain'd his point. Too well has he ſucceeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER. (*his voice trembling*)

Can e'er the Emperor's Majeſty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compenſate
For that affront, and moſt unmerited grievance
Suſtain'd by a deſerving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulſe he confirms the preſent,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpoſe.
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

(*Butler attempts to riſe, ſinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to*

to ſpeak, and cannot. At length he takes his ſword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.)

OCTAVIO.

What wiſh you? Recollect yourſelf, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpoſe? Calm yourſelf.

BUTLER.

O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this ſword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cauſe ever.

BUTLER.

——Perjure myſelf to ſuch a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyſelf.

BUTLER. (*no longer governing his emotion*)
Only break off from him!—He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All, who are loyal, are aſſembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others

I've

I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be ſure, that you eſcape from Pilſen.

BUTLER. *(ſtrides up and down in exceſſive agitation, then ſteps up to Octavio with reſolved countenance.)*

Count Piccolomini! Dare that man ſpeak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He, who repents ſo deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

OCTAVIO.

What's your deſign?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.
Aſk me no more at preſent. Truſt to me.
Ye may truſt ſafely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!
Farewell! [*Exit Butler.*

SERVANT. (*enters with a billet.*)

A ſtranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-Duke's horſes wait for you below.
[*Exit Servant.*

OCTAVIO. *(reads.)*

"Be ſure, make haſte! Your faithful Iſolan."
—O that I had but left this town behind me.

To

To ſplit upon a rock ſo near the haven!—
Away! This is no longer a ſafe place for me!
Where can my ſon be tarrying?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO *and* MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

(MAX. *enters almoſt in a ſtate of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unſteady, and he appears not to obſerve his father, who ſtands at a diſtance, and gazes at him with a countenance expreſſive of compaſſion. He paces with long ſtrides through the chamber, then ſtands ſtill again, and at laſt throws himſelf into a chair, ſtaring vacantly at the object directly before him.*)

OCTAVIO. (*advances to him.*)

I am going off, my ſon.

(*Receiving no anſwer, he takes his hand.*)

My ſon, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt ſoon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

(Octavio drops his hand, and ſtarts back.)
O, hadſt thou been but ſimple and ſincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had ſtood otherwiſe.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:
He had not fallen into the ſnares of villains.
Wherefore ſo like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Did'ſt creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unbleſt falſehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou miſery-making dæmon, it is thou
That ſink'ſt us in perdition. Simple truth,
Suſtainer of the world, had ſav'd us all!
Father, I will not, I cannot excuſe thee!
Wallenſtein has deceiv'd me—O, moſt foully!
But thou haſt acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son!
My ſon, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. *(riſes, and contemplates his father with looks of ſuſpicion.)*

Was't poſſible? had'ſt thou the heart, my father,
Had'ſt thou the heart to drive it to ſuch lengths,
With cold premeditated purpoſe? Thou—
Had'ſt thou the heart, to wiſh to ſee him guilty,
Rather than ſav'd? Thou riſeſt by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not pleaſe me.

OCTAVIO.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! ſure I have chang'd my nature.

How comes ſuſpicion here—in the free ſoul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all what I e'er lov'd or honour'd.
No! No! Not all! She—ſhe yet lives for me,
And ſhe is true, and open as the Heavens!
Deceit is every where, hypocriſy,
Murder, and poiſoning, treaſon, perjury:
The ſingle holy ſpot is our love,
The only unprofan'd in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a laſt parting leave,
The very laſt—no never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyſelf
The pang of neceſſary ſeparation.
Come with me! Come, my ſon!
(*Attempts to take him with him.*)

MAX.

No! as ſure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO. (*more urgently.*)

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I ſtay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor hath power to preſcribe

Laws to the heart; and would'ſt thou wiſh to rob me
Of the ſole bleſſing which my fate has left me,
Her ſympathy. Muſt then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—ſteal away,
With ſtealthy coward flight forſake her? No!
She ſhall behold my ſuffering, my ſore anguiſh,
Hear the complaints of the diſparted ſoul,
And weep tears o'er me. O! the human race
Have ſteely ſouls—but ſhe is as an angel.
From the black deadly madneſs of deſpair
Will ſhe redeem my ſoul, and in ſoft words
Of comfort, plaining, looſe this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou will not tear thyſelf away, thou can'ſt not.
O, come, my ſon! I bid thee ſave thy virtue,

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare truſt to it.

OCTAVIO. (*trembling, and loſing all ſelf-command.*)

Max! Max! if that moſt damned thing could be,
If thou—my ſon—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?)
Do ſell thyſelf to him, the infamous,
Do ſtamp this brand upon our noble houſe,
Then ſhall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat ſhall the ſteel
Of the ſon trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

MAX.

O hadſt thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadſt then acted better. Curſt ſuſpicion!
Unholy miſerable doubt! To him
Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm,
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I truſt thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* haſt not o'erpower'd—as little
Will Wallenſtein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max! I ſee thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never ſee me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toſkana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant conteſt
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the ſtruggle, or conduct them out of Pilſen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my ſon!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

OCTAVIO.

How? not one look
Of filial love? No graſp of th' hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkneſs.
So us'd we not to part—it was not ſo!
Is it then true? I have a ſon no longer?

(*Max. falls into his arms, they hold each for a long time in a ſpeechleſs embrace, then go away at different ſides.*)

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

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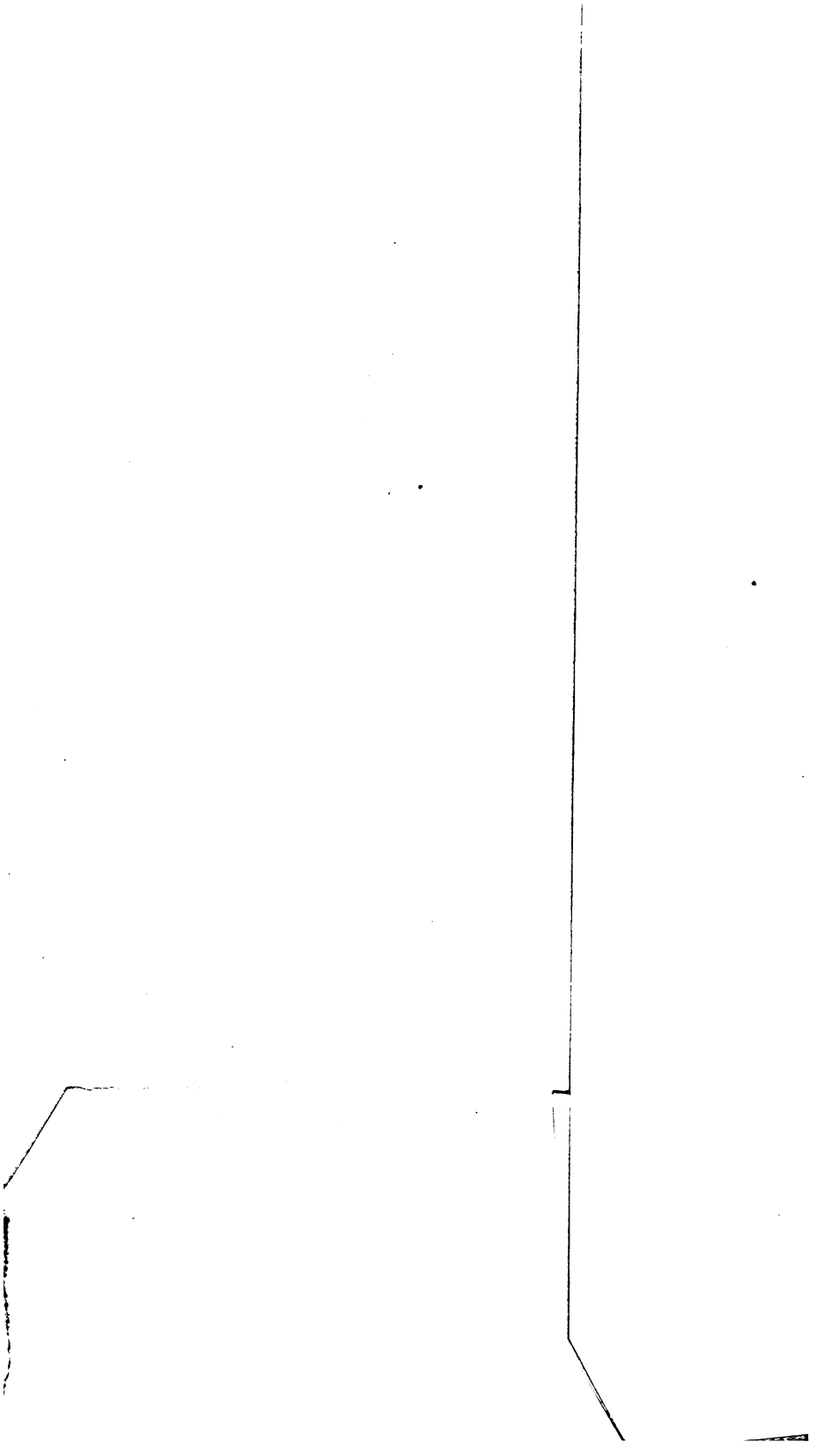
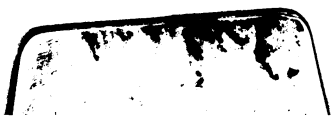
AG 30

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